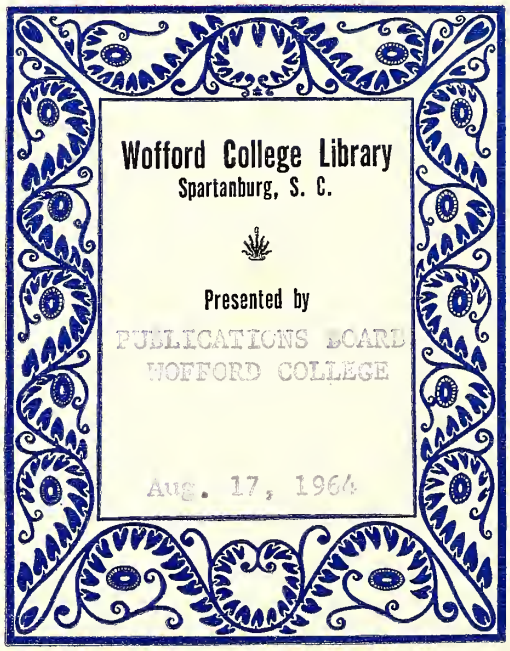
THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

1963-1964

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

For Reference
~~Periodical Room~~ Treasure Room
Not to be taken from this room



WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRAR
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

This volume is
complete
C.P.J.
6/29/88 J.J.

8/17/61 - flag - donated
101124

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

the Journal

NOVEMBER • 1963

10124
Copy 2

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME LXXXVII ★ No. 1 SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA NOVEMBER ★ 1963

What's Inside . . .

In Issue One are many types of writing, including reviews of both records and books, essays, scientific treatises, and enough poetry, we hope, to satisfy even the most erudite connoisseur of that genre.

There is only one short story. We have a good reason for this. No more short stories were submitted. Is everyone writing poetry nowadays and nobody fiction? Hardly. We hope to include several pieces of *quality* fiction in our next issue.

Meanwhile, however, we have detected a definite resurgence of interest in poetry on the campus. Some of the better work by a number of aspiring poets is included in these pages.

Harold Lawrence, a freshman, is ably represented this issue with three poems. Experimenting presently, trying to find himself, Harold already has enough poems to fill several volumes.

Al Bonnoit is another who is currently wooing the Muses—and experimenting with many verse forms. Senior Wilbur Ormond, after reading William Butler Yeats' "The Second Coming," wrote "He Who Comes."

Assistant *Journal* editor Fred Robbins contributed two provocative poems. Fred also did a review of Edward Albee's controversial—and extremely successful—play *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

Carl Hookstra wrote the intriguing story of a visit he paid to Berlin, the Divided City. It appears in this issue under the German title, "Eine Mauer Trennt das Deutsche Volk." Carl spent last semester at the University of Vienna and during one of the Austrian religious holidays made the trip to Berlin along with several other American students from the Institute of European Studies.

Biology Major Roy Sawyer explores "The Origin of Intelligence" in a work that may not be strictly literary but which we feel needs to be published.

John H. Smith writes with complete competence of the Scopes trial of some years ago in a way that will compel those who read his account to stop and think and take stock.

Something must be said here about our art editor, Tom Zepp, who did both the cover and the inside illustrations. What can we say? You have only to examine his work.

James Dorsey, a freshman, contributed a review of James Baldwin's controversial bestseller, *The Fire Next Time,* and has since set out on an exhaustive perusal of Baldwin's other works.

Our record reviews are being handled by Steve Stirling, an adept musician in his own right. Before the year is out, Steve will have reviewed enough of everything musical to make everybody happy—we hope.

A note of thanks must be given to our editorial assistants, Wilbur Ormond and Preston Woodruff, who gave unstintingly of their time in order that this magazine become a reality.

Finally, we have included an essay of our own in stream of consciousness. While being naturally subjective in content, it tries to recapture the spirit of a countryboy caught up in the whirl of the big city. A rather unpredictable poem we wrote some time ago about Christmas is included if for no other reason than to get us in the mood for Dr. Norton's tale of Scrooge.

The lone short story is a slice of upper middle class life as seen by Xavier Mensch. We hope you like it.

And that's our first issue.

It was fun while it lasted.

We hope to see you in January.

—*Douglas Atkins*

Books ***19***
Recordings . . ***21***
Editorial . . . ***24***

THE JOURNAL

ESTABLISHED 1889 VOLUME LXXXVII, NUMBER 1

Editor.....DOUGLAS ATKINS
Business Manager.....MARION PEAVEY
Associate Editor.....FRED ROBBINS
Art Editor.....TOM ZEPP
Editorial Assistants.....PRESTON WOODRUFF, WILBUR ORMOND

THE JOURNAL is published four times during the academic year—November, January, March, and May—by the students of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Subscription rate is $1.25 per year. Advertising rates upon application from the Business Manager.

Supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board.

Dr. Boylston Green is adviser.

Printed by THE CHARLES P. SMITH PRINTING COMPANY, GREER, S. C.

When Bigots Lighted Faggots

On a hot Monday afternoon in July of 1923, the audience in a Rhea County, Tennessee, court house watched an elderly attorney rise from his chair and address the court thus:

"They make it a crime to know more than I know. They publish a law to inhibit learning. This law says it shall be a criminal offense to teach in the public schools any account of the origin of man that is in conflict with the divine account that is in the Bible. It makes the Bible the yardstick to measure every man's intelligence and to measure every man's knowledge. Every bit of knowledge the mind has must be submitted to a religious test. If today you can take a thing like evolution and make it a crime to teach it in the public school, tomorrow you can make it a crime to teach it in the private schools. And the next year you can make it a crime to teach it in the church. And the next session you may ban books and newspapers. Soon you may set Catholic against Protestant and Protestant against Protestant and try to foist your own religion upon the mind of man. If you can do one, you can do the other. Ignorance and bigotry is ever busy and needs feeding. Always it is feeding and gloating for more. After a while, Your Honor, it is setting man against man and creed against creed until with flying banners and beating drums we are marching backward to the glorious ages of the sixteenth century when bigots lighted faggots to burn the man who dared to bring any intelligence and enlightenment and culture to the human mind."

The place was Dayton, Tennessee, the time was July thirteenth, 1923, the occasion was the Scopes trial and the man was, of course, Clarence Darrow. That afternoon in a little town in the Cumberland mountains marks, perhaps more than any other single incident, the turning point in the conflict between the camps of evolution and religion. In the ensuing forty years, the twentieth century has warred so successfully against this kind of bigotry that, in 1963, the Supreme Court of the United States ruled that reading or reciting the Lord's Prayer in the public schools is unconstitutional. The amount of progress we have made in our war on bigotry is indeed astounding and seen in a trice when one imagines how out-dated Darrow's words would have been if addressed to that Supreme Court.

"If today you can take a thing like the Lord's Prayer and make it a crime to recite it in the public schools, tomorrow you can make it a crime to recite it in the private schools. And the next session you may make it a crime to recite it in the church. If you can do one, you can do the other. Ignorance and bigotry is ever busy and ever needs feeding. Always it is feeding and gloating for more. After a while, Your Honor, it is setting man against man and creed against creed until with flying banners and beating drums we are marching backward into the glorious ages of the sixteenth century when bigots lighted faggots to burn the man who dared to bring any intelligence and enlightenment and culture to the human mind."

Darrow said to the world that any law restricting the right to express or seek expression of a belief is bigotry. To answer such a charge some might say in defense of themselves that presenting only the Lord's Prayer in our public schools is, in itself, bigotry. If this be true, then we must immediately eliminate the pledge of allegiance, the national anthem, and American history from the presence of school children for fear of the presence of more than one nationality or more than one political view.

But this is not for us the essential problem, for neither laws nor bigots can suppress new and unique ideas; they will prevail! It is rather for us to decide which of the kaleidoscopic values we should accept. The answer is not a simple one, nor will one complex answer serve all those who seek.

An answer however may be graphically demonstrated, employing the controversy between "science" and "religion" and I use both words advisedly. This interesting conflict attracts at least two camps. One will accept only the Holy Word as handed down by God to King James in 1600. The other carries placards reading SCIENTISTS ARE SMARTER THAN JEWS. The former camp refuses steadfastly, to accept any part of the Bible as poetic phraseology; the latter will not recognize any relation between what we know of science and what we believe of God. No point makes this clearer than the not so distant war twixt evolution and Genesis. The emotion called *hubris* which created such a *dicotomy* nearly jailed a young biology teacher and brought Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan into one of the most spectacular legal clashes of our century. There is yet a third side to this coin and here our example becomes graphic, for, to some, it may supply the necessary answer to the question raised in this attempt.

The Hebrew word, now translated into the Anglo-Saxon word "day," originally meant period of time. How much time we do know. It may have been twenty-four hours, or twenty-four days, or twenty-four years; there is no way to be sure. With this jot and tittle in mind, let us examine for a moment the creation account in Genesis. There we are told that during the first "day" or period of time, God created the world, and separated the light from the darkness. During the second "day" God created the seas, land,

and sky. During the third, He gathered the land and separated the seas. In the fourth "day" God created the first life and during the fifth He created birds, animals, sea monsters and "and all the various kinds of living, gliding creatures with which the waters teem." During the last day, He brought forth land mammals and finally He created man in His own image.

Evolutionists say that the earth is probably a fragment of the sun and that, in its earliest days, it was but a fiery ball of liquids and gases. As this liquid began to cool and harden, vapor was formed. The vapor soon became dense enough to liquify, thus falling back toward the earth in the form of rain. The heat generated by the still-hot earth turned it back to steam, forming a cycle. Eventually parts of the earth hardened into a crust, allowing water to puddle. During this time, the constant changing of vapor to liquid and liquid to vapor created gigantic winds. The wind chipped away at the hardened parts of the earth, blowing the resulting silicon-carbon-ammonia particles into the puddling water. These tiny pools became seas, and the bits of sand ocean floors. When the earth cooled sufficiently, life appeared in the sea. Simple organisms at first, then more complex ones. Earth now became nature's spawning ground, her experimental laboratory. She created every manner of sea creature. Some survived, others did not. Eventually one of these sea creatures crawled onto dry land and lunged creatures had their beginning. Thence came man.

This simple and perhaps juvenile comparison indicates a striking similarity. Genesis: first earth, then water, then sea-life, then land-life, then man. Evolution: the same order. Consequently our solution to the larger problem is reduced to one of seeking all the answers; and though, the one right answer will, in some cases, never be found, one may at least say there is more to his set of values than negativism. In other words "doubt everything at least once, even the statement that two times two makes four." ●

—John H. Smith

MARY!

MARY!

Some time ago I knew and you knew too
That out beyond that gray there shone the blue.
We never ventured further though 'tis true
That lurid lingering meant more to you
Than challenging what lay beyond the hue
That gray left or that blue brought question to.
Did we, by some mere whim, deem that love grew,
Decide our fate, and in our souls pursue
The past within ourselves as others do
Or was it but a ticking ghost anew
Within your heart that let the dark go through
And touch the gold I may as yet construe
As gold? I took it as a trust and never knew.

I often love alone and love away
The streaking penciled sunrise of the day
To shadows in first dark alive with play
That glows blood-red the west on windows gay.
The pageants of the dusk drone in today
And leave me looking out into the gray
To mingle dreams. The autumn mist shall stay
To chase the merry leaves as outlines may.
For now I think of you and if I stray
Beyond a color scheme and lose the way,
I fear a shade or two could make me stay
And never miss our promising cliche.
Oh paint me, pallid arts, pale with dismay.

Oh Mary mine, would bells and sea shells do
If bells were silver gray and sea shells blue?

—Harold A. Lawrence, Jr.

NEW YORK . . .

Random Thoughts

The big city just ahead. But first the flight. And nerves. The stewardesses rather disappointing. No *Playboy* to read? Or look at? Looking out the window—the towns and fields below as on a checkerboard. Here we come. And the stops. Charlotte and Baltimore. Then Idlewild—and the first New Yorkers. Sophisticated, impersonal, artificial. The women—My Sin. Breakfast at Tiffany's, anyone? Whatever happened to God?

Leaving the terminal to wait for transportation downtown. Finally a bus—crowded and bumpy. Danger ahead. A bus goes in New York where a Volkswagen can't in South Carolina. Taxis—which have drivers from Brooklyn who are not sesquipedalians. All taxis have horns. And miles and miles of graveyards.

The hotel. Fashionable? Peut-etre. But the rooms are small. Somebody has to sleep on a cot. Remind you of anything? Flip a coin and pray. Meeting some old friends. Some you would never have expected to see in New York. And tip time. Money flows.

Where's a cheap place to eat? The opening convocation. Half listening, half looking to see who's here. What have you learned so far? I'm learning. A cafe—and a hamburger steak. No iced tea. It's made by the jugsful and is out of season. October—autumn—in New York.

So where's Times Square? Let's go exploring. Warm, isn't it? Streets crowded. People wobbling. Lovers hand in hand—ah me. Look for a cop. I wanna know where Times Square is—or was. No cop when you need him.

There—ask him. A bum. "Can I buy you a drink?" We've had our Pablum, thank you. The Met, CBS, NBC, Time-Life Building. In some order. Take me back to Broadway. Here it is. Look. See. The lights. The shows. Cleopatra. *My Fair Lady*. Radio City.

Rockefeller Center. Happy. Ice-skating circumscribed with flags and people watching. The shapely legs of the girls. And the agility of the instructor—aged antediluvian. But miles

to go before I sleep.

Minding own business. Some street. Who knows? Another bum. Pulls a pocketknife. "How would you like me to cut your throat?" Grin at him and continue. Women—of some ancestry—sitting on tenement steps eyeing the passersby. All nationalities represented. No distinction. The melting pot. But who gets burned?

More lovers hand in hand. Who notices? People shouting. In a hurry. Even late at night. Stores still open. A man lying sprawled out in a doorway on Broadway. Not thirty feet from one of New York's finest. The cops and the anthem.

And on and on and on. Disappointed? Perhaps. Bigness. What else? We'll see. Some postcards. The coffee shoppe. A southern girl, all honey and molasses and naivete. Very young and very innocent. So so friendly. A New Yorker explains to her about homosexuals, etc. She never had Latin.

Let's build Jerusalem among these dark Satanic buildings and streets. No longer liberal? Let's wait and see.

But morning comes. And New York awakens, all hazy and blackish, and begins anew. When—and how—did it all stop? Did it stop?

Let's learn something. Off to the conferences and *Ladies' Home Journal, Look, McCall's, Saturday Evening Post, Esquire, The New Yorker, Harper's* and hear them parade before our eyes and ears their good points—there are no bad points.

And people. From all over. And the Jesuit moderator. And the Yankee girls. Short skirts.

Exciting. Like maybe Toots Shor's for lunch. I wanna see *somebody*. Whitey Ford. Hello, Mr. Koufax. The prices. But oh God, the food—and atmosphere. And away we go—off into bourgeois land—a cornucopia—of plenty while millions of little Chinese kids are starving. Run fast. Hey, taxi?

But why not? And the place? And more women. And some with men of other colors. What would J. Strom say about that? Survival of the fittest and all that. Who's been reading Norman Mailer? Is he writing another novel at last? For *Ladies' Home Journal?*

Walk the street alone. Stroll down Eighth Avenue. And the hustlers. Garment makers here? Wobblers. Being run into. Tickets for a play? Sure—even the astronomical prices? What the—hello. Is there room in the in—inner sanctum of these sanctified halls where once passed Ethel B.? Money. Oh God, what is happening to our gold supply? Then empty stomachs.

But the curtain rises. A pretty girl—who curses. Must they—we? Come hither, Jonathan Edwards. The pit and the pendulum swings, sinner. Ah at last, she makes her entrance, the grand lady, master of the world, C. C. Everybody applauds. Even here there is courtesy or what?

On and on. And mother and father and son and daughter have had a dastardily bloody time. Great Britain is crumbling. Did someone say love is a four-letter word? Speak up.

Autographs, please. "Oh thank you."

Hoodlums on the street. Beware the march of knives. Watch out for the black cats. Yeah man. And who is she? Her profession is, you say.

Why not? The Empire Room. Plushy plush. A table for two, captain. And you for me and me for you. And—floor show. What is rum raisin ice cream? One dollar per scoop. You're kidding. The water is good.

Ah, there's Hoppy. Good ole Hopalong Cassidy—the cowboy not the footballer. But here they—the stars of our show, ladies and gentlemen, who sang "Oklahoma"? Now the little wife will do a take-off on *Cleopatra*. She did.

Bourgeois decadence, Mister K? Pound the table with your shoe and see if I care.

Taxi? Oh, piggy-back refill. Taxi? Drat it. Let's walk. At two-fifteen in the morning? Somebody might steal my dorm key. Right.

Blur out.

Tetragrammaton. Conferences. Up and at them, boy. On, Wisconsin, on, Wisconsin. The luncheon is free, isn't it? Okay. More people. Let's take a trip to the stars, kids.

All right, we'll see the sights. Where? Oh, a girl? Fine. Walk and walk and walk some more and talk poetry and art and fashions. The U. N.? Righto, guv'nor.

Iced tea at last. Northern iced tea is no damned good, drat it. She doesn't know.

Tea for two and two for tea and me for you and you for me and where will be we? But alas, holding hands on Broadway and stopping and reading *Punch*. Exotic? Throw a penny into the fountain and make. Ho-ho. Walk then and look. See all the sights. Look. People are walking fast. They are in a hurry. Why are they in a hurry? Let's not walk so fast. Are your palms sweaty?

Buy a souvenir or trinket at an exorbitant price. Where are the Gants, by the way? Il n'y a pas de gants ici, monsieur. Ici on vend . . . Forget it.

What is phinque?

Radio City—again. This time. Promises. No. Yes. Well . . .

Point of no return comes. You are committed. The inside walls of a New York hotel on Saturday night. Shall we television, kids?

A sudden moment. Who understands? It's wild. Confusion. Mistakes. Stupidities. A train leaves at 8:30 for—Mass at 3:30 in the morning?

Rise and shine. Let's brunch at the Tower Suite. What's the tab? Which floor? Forty-eighth? New York elevators are supercool. There's no time here, kids. Damned if it ain't old Hoppy again. Are yuh followin' me, bub? Draw. That's pretty good. Picasso?

Well, let's pack. Oh God. Are those tears welling up, little boy? Somebody, stick your finger in the hole in the dam—Memories are sweet. And sour. A taste of honey.

Let's pool our resources. How many cents? Well, all good things must come to an end. Let's refuse to succumb to time. On with life. And look. Capote is not the only one who can write about New York and a girl and melancholia and love. Ah, dear Holly Golightly. I adore thee. We must not only endure but persevere. The poor player struts and frets his hour . . . ●

—*Douglas Atkins*

The Origin Of Intelligence

(This paper presents a unifying concept based on observation alone. No apology is made for the lack of documentation, nor does it pretend to be scientific.)

* * *

The practical effects on man's mind of heredity and environment have long been a problem. In fact, for most the problem is reconciled by the belief that there will never be an answer since heredity and environment can never be completely separated, and thus the true casual effects cannot be correctly interpreted. It is the purpose of this paper to show that it is the effects of environment and not heredity which account for an individual's intelligence and that our present concept of intelligence is not adequate. It is only fair to state here that this paper is not trying to discredit genetics, an expanding and extremely important field; its purpose is to discredit the effects of heredity on a non-infant's intelligence.

Society, by its various means of communication and adaptation, has built a "glass wall" to protect its individuals. That is to say that all civilized men live in a greenhouse existence; man is not fighting for his bare existence—therefore man has much leisure time to develop his mind, analogous to potted plants in a greenhouse.

If heredity plays no significant role in intelligence, then what accounts for the fact that some people can learn faster than others? At first glance it would seem that the genetically superior brain at birth would hold on to his intellectual superiority until maturity; this is not the case. A person can learn faster than another only if he has acquired more *insight sets* than another. It is necessary to introduce this term here for clarity; the rest of the paper will explain the *Insight Set Theory*.

Let us attempt to explain the meaning of an insight set; an insight set is the sudden awareness of simplicity out of complexity or chaos. Note that it does not have to be sudden, but for the most part it is. In other words an insight set has been acquired when one says, "Oh, I get it." Read the following sentence aloud repeatedly until you discover something, namely an insight set. It will come suddenly.

Oh Wah Tagoo Siam

It is necessary that you discover this insight set before you can really understand the theory, so keep trying . . . got it? Notice that it did indeed come suddenly. One interesting consequence of this particular insight set is that if thirty people tried to acquire it, they would not be able to acquire it at the same rate (because some had already acquired some insight sets pertaining to this example). It may take some a ridiculously long time before they get it. Note that in actuality it is only necessary for one to acquire this set—he then can explain it to others who in turn will acquire it. This is true of originality (a new combination of old insight sets)—it is only necessary for one person to acquire an original insight set. Note that Darwin and Wallace both came up with the same theory at the same time because there were enough basic insight sets floating in the air for anyone with the proper background to recombine them to produce originality. In order to clarify the insight set concept further, we will use a developing baby as an example, and later introduce another person for comparing their learning abilities.

The Developing Child

It will be safe to assume that a baby is born with a minimum of mental faculties (instincts). Upon close study it will be found that these depend almost exclusively on the senses, e.g., hunger, thirst, sight, pain, touch, etc. Some psychologists have described the baby's world as "confused excitation." It is in this state (roughly the first twelve months of life) that the child has little more (or possibly less) mental ability than a comparable chimpanzee. In essence the child has not and is not learning any more than an animal.

Now is the time for the child to get his first insight set, which may come accidentally or through teaching. Let us take an example: the baby is crawling along the floor and suddenly bumps into a broom; it falls onto the coffee table and knocks an ash tray to the floor. The baby was watching all this (this was a moment of insight). He may start playing with the broom and again accidentally break Mama's favorite lamp—the aftermath of which was a momentous period of his life. We see that the baby now has his first fundamental insight set: (1) a broom will knock high things down if handled correctly. "Brooms knock things down."

If we continue watching the baby, we find that his favorite toy has been placed on the shelf out of his reach, even with his standing tip-toe in a chair. But (here is a moment of insight) he discovers that if he stands on a Sears

catalog in the chair he can reach the toy. He has learned his second fundamental insight set: (2) "a big book makes me taller."

You say, so what? A little later he may find that some candy has been placed out of his reach by his father. He cannot reach it by standing in a chair, even with the book; he cannot reach it by wielding the broom. He has now acquired insight set (3): "I can learn from past experiences (i. e., use old insight sets)."

From here he can go on to (a) add more insight sets either from accident or teaching and (b) put already learned insight sets together in new ways and use them. Note that the more insight sets a person has the more possible combinations (or the smarter the child is).

Let us now jump the child to the first grade: his teacher has just shown him how the number system works between 1 and 100. (Notice we said the child has been shown, not that the child has learned). The child, who has been enthusiastically encouraged, rushes home and tries to write 1 to 100. He reached 10 by himself (by means of insight 1241), but had to ask his mother what came next—11, 12, 13, etc. He then reached 19 by himself but had to ask what came next—20, 21, 22, etc. The same with 29, 39, 40, etc. But (this is a moment of insight—the insight set 1242) by the time he got to 89 he suddenly saw what the pattern was. All of us have experieneed this same insight set. The child, with some encouragement, may now try to count to 200. But after 109, he had to ask, etc., until by 169 he got an insight (insight set 1243). The same thing happens when he tries to eount to 1000 (insight set 1248), or 10,000 (insight set 1249), or 10,000,000 (insight set 1249). Of course, this may take a long time, but he has gotten nine vital insight sets which he may outwardly forget, but subconsciously they are his for life. The same is true for the basic steps of addition, algebra, calculus, mathematical research, etc.

Intelligence

Now baek to the original problem. Why can one person learn faster (i.e., be more intelligent) than another? The answer should now be obvious: taking math as an example, one person can learn math quicker than another if he has acquired more insight sets related to math. There are merely the basic sets, addition, subtraction, division, and multipication; these four cover all the manipulations of arithmetic. A minimum of two insight sets beyond these four must be learned before algebra can be mastered: the concept (set) of substituting letters for unknowns and the concept (set) of equality of an equation. Calculus is merely the addition of more insight sets, nothing more. A person who can work caleulus readily is no "smarter" than one who sees a complex maze of letters and numbers; he simply has thoroughly mastered in step-by-step fashion the "tricks" or sets which come with practice. As an example, a person who has only learned 100 mathematical insight sets (arithmetic) cannot possibly hope to learn calculus (250 insight sets) no matter how many months he tries, until he has eonquered algebra (insight sets 100 to 250). Most people would have given up by then, thinking themselves dull. The concept of insight sets applies to nearly any academic subject as well as eommon sense. Note that *an insight set differs from a fact which can be forgotten and actually adds little or nothing to a person's intelligence.*

In psychology there is the concept of maturation, which means that a ehild must pass a critical level (usually associated with age) before some given task can be learned. For instance many wasted months can be devoted to teaching a four-year-old to count to 100. But when the same child is six he can be taught the numbers easily. Why? The psychologists usually point to maturation as the essence of biological growth of the brain and other parts of the nervous system. We must admit that this is true for the most part for physical abilities, such as walking.

In terms of our Insight Set Theory maturation is another facet of psychology connected by a thread of logic. The four-year-old simply has not acquired enough insight sets to master the number system. Most six-year-olds have by this time acquired a sufficient insight set background. The six-year-old has the advantage of two years of insight set additions.

Now we come to the concept of child prodigy. A child prodigy is one who has acquired a large number of insight sets. In other words he is a four-year-old with a six-year-old supply of insight sets. There are some critics who will say that the prodigy has a larger number of insight sets because he was endowed with a quicker mind. This argument will not stand up because: (1) assuming a person does have a quicker mind at birth, if he fails to add insight sets at a rate comparable to the average person, his quick mind will become slower relative to the average person; (2) why do some prodigies become average people later in life if they are biologically endowed with genetically superior minds? In terms of the insight set theory this prodigy has simply failed to add insight sets at a sufficient rate. The dull person has failed to add insight sets at a sufficient rate for normal development.

"My brother once had a friend who saw on television a four-year-old boy from a peasant family who could explain the theory of relativity in five languages." A person's intelligence is the amount of thoroughly acquired insight sets; therefore in the case of most prodigies, the child has learned more insight sets due to excellent environmental conditions. These conditions may be caused by wealth or talent of family or friends, eomplete freedom to follow whims, and most importantly, encouragement. We will have to admit that there are some so-called prodigies who seem to crop up from slum conditions; these children do not contradict the hypothesis. These children are advanced in intellect (1) of necessity in order to live a decent life (they have learned the insight set concerning their plight); (2) they, through encouragement or motivation, have applied themselves well and have learned amazing

insight sets for their age; or (3) they learned early by accident the insight sets of concentration and interest. *Remember that intelligence is not merely book-learnings; intelligence can develop in the absence of books.* The Insight Set Theory supports the idea that if a person tries by hard work to accumulate insight sets quickly, he then is capable of catching up with these prodigies, who have head-starts, and may even surpass them. Some of the problems of prodigies will be answered with one question: how many of you have actually seen and become acquainted with a prodigy?

One more point must be added here. Psychologists have long known that a child's early environment has much to do with his later development. Remember that the social patterns, prejudices, and behavior are really manifestations of insight sets. A child will acquire so many insight sets during his fifth year, so many his tenth year, or twentieth. But his fifth year is twenty per cent of his total life to that point; his twentieth year only five percent. Therefore we can see readily that the insight sets acquired during those crucial early years are very important. Here the concept of personality disorders becomes understandable. Suppose the child of five years suffered greatly from an illness where the doctor became associated with pain. Chances are the child will acquire an unhealthy insight set which will be manifested as a doctor phobia. It is important to note here that among most psychopaths there is a tendency to age regress.

Some critics may say that this doctor phobia is the result of a typical Pavlov conditioned response. *Along with most concepts in psychology, the answer to this is understandable in light of the Insight Set Theory—a conditioned response is an insight set.*

Genetics

There are some who say that the genetics of intelligence has been worked out. This is not the case. Currently the belief seems to be that intelligence is inherited (also affected by environment to some indefinite extent) through multiple genes. When simplified, this means that geneticists have nothing more than a blending theory, which was popular before Mendel's time. *Check for yourself.* This easily accounts for a genius with dull children and normal parents with a genius. *Essentially nothing is known about the heredity of intelligence.* Much of the work has been based on the identical twin studies which can be as well or better explained in terms of the Insight Set Theory.

A person's intelligence is the quality and quantity of his acquired insight sets. At old age there may be a tendency to forget some of the "building-block" sets: when this is taken to an extreme we have senility. Note that the insight sets can be explained bio-chemically, so senility is the chemical disintegration of insight sets.

I. Q. was mentioned above. An intelligence test is merely the testing of the relation of the person to a set norm. This test is in relation to the person being tested as well as to other people being tested. *A person's I. Q. can and will change if one adds, relatively, insight sets (not facts);* I. Q. tests have done much to retard initiative and for this reason should be de-emphasized as giving faulty and harmful results. To take the test is fine, but to rely on the test borders on nonsense. Ideally I. Q. tests would measure the number of acquired insight sets at a particular time. There has been much progress toward this.

Talent

The Insight Set Theory states, less dogmatically, that any of the non-organic arts is learned by insight sets. The artist is one who has mastered those intangible insight sets which cannot be defined or explained except in analogies. This is especially obvious in music, literature, and painting. *Any person can become a Beethoven or Leonardo De Vinci.* Of course we must exclude organic malfunctions such as color blindness, deafness, arthritis, etc. Do not think that to achieve greatness in the arts or sciences is an easy task—it is not. Many budding geniuses may have given up or died before attaining greatness.

It is the usual thing to say that this musician or that painter has some special talent. It is commonly thought that this talent is born with the person and only needs to be developed. There have been many essays written on what makes an artist—none of them have been able to arrive at a satisfactory answer in terms of the mind. We hereby propose what makes an artist is the framework of the Insight Set Theory.

An artist is one who has acquired through the usual means the insight sets of his particular art, let us say painting. These insight sets are unusual in that they cannot be explained in words (a man-made means of communication). What painter can tell you why he put a certain color on the canvas or added a few extra lines? He cannot explain it to your satisfaction other than it seemed to add to the painting, but the painter himself is perfectly aware of why he did it. This feeling of emotional expression, which we call talent is really an acquired insight set—an awareness of how to create beauty.

The painter, as well as all artists, explains the object of art in terms of physical reality—that is they talk in analogies. The examples of this are endless: light music, adding depth, adding life, adding personality, adding feeling, etc. In fact, artists spend most of their time talking in analogies for want of better terms—terms they can feel, because of the insight sets, but cannot express.

A talent insight set is the awareness or how to portray or communicate an emotion or thought to an observer. Notice that this awareness concept usually means a subconscious awareness as opposed to one that is conscious, i. e., one that can be explained verbally; this is true of most insight sets. Note the significance of early development of these insight sets.

Conclusion

The practical applications of this Insight Set Theory is the astounding part, not the theoretical consistency. Any normal person has the potential of

attaining any reasonable degree of intellect. You say no? Let us point out to you that with the length of time you spent reading this paper, you had spent learning calculus, you may by now have attained one or two more insight sets in calculus. If one makes wise use of his time, he can add insight sets at an astounding rate. After many years of this he may have so far surpassed the average fellow that he may now be classified as a genius.

What seems to be the deciding factor between a very intelligent person and an average person? The answer is *initiative*. The average person is intellectually lazy. He always rationalizes his learning ability with the following statements. "I'm not smart enough to learn this calculus; I think I'll go to the movie because I can't understand it anyway; Gee, I wish I was smart as Mary in calculus." We see this about us every day; in fact all of us are guilty of these rationalizations at times.

The Insight Set Theory has the beauty of consistency and unification of most or all of the concepts of psychology. As we look back through the paper we see that many concepts are united: genetics, child development, intelligence, social influence, originality, academics, maturation, child prodigy, personality disorders, phobias, I. Q. tests, talent, art and initiative. But this is not all; many more ideas can be related: psycho-chemistry, insanity, neuroses, word meanings, thoughts, talking, foreign language; the list is almost endless.

According to this theory a man's race has nothing to do with intelligence. Perhaps social influence plays a greater role than admitted.

There are many who say that this theory has no proof and that the current theory is much more documented. We answer that (1) this theory is more consistent internally than the current vague theory of intelligence; (2) documentation requires time and will come later; (3) this theory alone gives *hope* to the average and socially inferior person. ●

—*Roy T. Sawyer*

Wildtiming Death

I.

Wildtiming Death,
Comefasting Death,
Liedrinking Death,
Come—

Sing to south and north
And way beyond each hill
And valley go, you
Boy of myself.

Sing to porch and bed,
And just beyond the gate
And sidewalk go, you
Elder of myself.

Wildtiming Death,
Comefasting Death,
Liedrinking Death,
Come—

II.

"Alone," said the twisted man,
"Alone, by myself, but less than free,
No one here to see after me,
No one to wish, no one to plan,
I am my own man," he said,
And in the morning he was dead.

—Fred Robbins

Let him not get
up but step on
him again and again
if necessary but
never let him get up because
when he gets up he is
so hard
to catch again and all the
trouble you have to go to
to get him back under your
foot
so step on him again
to be sure
Quickly quickly
Hurry man
go
But he is about
to get up
Ahh but at last
a lot of trouble
the things one has to do
around here
to live are too much
I sometimes when I am in the mood to
think think about killing
myself
what do you think would happen if
I killed myself
I mean who would
weep for me
Quick man quick man quick
but he is about
to get up
again the foot man
the foot
down man
on his head
soul mind body heart
yes
on his heart
bloody bloody bloody
now
what were we saying before
we were so inconveniently interrupted
by this
damn
germ
bloody bloody bloody
step on
the
blood

—Al Bonnoit

A nova shines which hides the sun
And children sacrifice their lambs.
Old men bound, their canes flung skyward—
But who is he that comes?

The Ugly Reaper yields his scythe,
Divesting all the fields of grain;
While down below a murmur's heard—
But who is he that comes?

All sibyls speak the horrid news
And learned men deplore the facts.
The minds of men divert from truth—
But who is he that comes?

. . . Hark! The sound of rending earth!
Expectant nations join to see
What image they did long await—
But who is he that comes?

At last the anthem chorus sings
While down below a rumbling's heard.
The people stare, then turn away,
For they have seen who comes.

In disgust they turn away
Never once an ear to lend.
A group is formed which go and kill
The Saviour sent—a slimy worm.

—Wilbur Ormond, Jr.

HE WHO COMES

Eine Mauer Trennt Das Deutsche Volk

"Wilkommen in der Deutscher Demokratischer Republik" read the billboards as the train arrived at the East German border from West Germany. Out the train window we could see the East German flags, numerous communist slogans, and the rolls of barbed wire indicating that we were now inside the Iron Curtain. The train was slowing down as it approached the border control area. On the platform was a sizeable group of both military and civilian personnel, the former armed with machine guns, and prepared to execute their duties when the train load of foreigners arrived.

When the train had pulled to a halt, this delegation got on the last car and worked their way forward from car to car. The first to reach our car was a woman in civilian clothes checking all the passports. Close behind her was an armed guard passing out visa forms printed in many languages. When we had filled these out, there was yet another guard to collect $2.50 for the roundtrip visa. Right on his heels came another guard stamping our passports and visas. And so it went: a long procession of officials, each with his own specific duty to carry out. Then, last of all, came a civilian passing out an assorted collection of propaganda, all of it in German.

Meantime, at the front of the train, there was a crew taking off the electric West German engine, and replacing it with a coal-burning locomotive for the trip across East Germany to Berlin.

At last we pulled away from the checkpoint and could just hear a woman's voice over a loudspeaker wishing us a "Gute Reise." Sure! As the train slowly made its way through the "German Democratic Republic," we watched the East Germans playing baseball or swimming or rowing. Several of them stopped their activities to wave enthusiastically to us, and we knew how it must hurt these people to see a train of freedom pass them every day. It must be a constant reminder, though, that there still does exist some hope for freedom, as many of them die trying to attain it. We were able to make out several signs near the factories reminding these people to work harder, be a better proletariat, and other typical communist slogans.

It was close to 9:30 that night when the train again slowed down, this time at the checkpoint just outside Berlin. There was a repeat of the procession going through the cars, checking passports, visas, etc. Bringing up the rear this time, though, was a group of armed soldiers checking the compartments, under the seats, and any other conceivable hiding place. Meanwhile, outside, another group on either side of the train slowly made its way along with flashlights and mirrors on the end of poles, searching under the individual ears for anyone who might try to escape from Workers' Paradise.

Our train finally crossed the border and pulled into the West Berlin *Bahnhof* at 10:30. Our first thoughts turned now to finding a place for the night.

The first place we thought about was the Youth Hostel, but they had closed at 10:00. We walked over to the Hotel Service window in the train station to check on hotels, but the clerk said that because of the holiday, all hotels were filled. Rather than be upset over finding no place to sleep, we decided to tour Berlin right then and there. So at 11:30 we were setting out for our grand tour of Berlin.

The first place we visited was an old bombed-out church containing a life-size statue of Christ painted red by the communists when they had first entered Berlin during the war. But aside from this shell of a church, almost every other building in West Berlin was new and modern.

When checking our maps, we saw that the Brandenburg Gate was a mere

1½ inches from where we were, so we decided to visit there next. Someone had forgotten to tell us, however, that Berlin was one of the largest cities in the world in land area, so that it was nearly 1:30 a. m. before we reached our objective. But as we started to walk up for a close look, a British guard came running out of his little booth to tell us that these were not tourist hours, and we should come back in the morning.

By now we were quite slap-happy from a lack of sleep from the past two nights, and we told him we would just sit down on the curb and wait for tourist hours. It didn't take us long to realize that a street curb was a poor substitute for a place to lie down. The long avenue leading up to the Brandenburg Gate is flanked by huge parks, so we decided to check out the possibility of a park bench on which to spend the night. As luck would have it though, the benches were freshly painted, so it was back to the center of town to look for a place.

Not too far from the train station was another park, labeled "Tiergarten" on the map, and we decided to seek out some park benches there, no one giving a second thought as to the English meaning of "Tiergarten." By now, Berlin being so far north, it was beginning to get light, and as we made our way through the park, we were able to make out the figures of several drunk bums sprawled out on the benches. The sight amused us until we realized that we were going to be sharing these benches with them. At last we came across several unoccupied benches near a small lake and settled down for the night.

No sooner were we all settled than we heard what sounded like a woman screaming for help, and we jumped to our feet to see who was being murdered. It being quite light, we finally made out where it was we were—the Berlin Zoo! —and the screaming we heard was a peacock.

It wasn't long after we had settled down again that we heard a far-off rumbling. Whatever it was, it seemed to be getting closer, and was literally causing the earth to tremble beneath our feet. But on looking down on the ground, we saw an air-vent covered with an iron grill right under the bench, and through it we could see the first subway of the day!

This was too much for two of the students, and they left, and as I later found out, they found a skyscraper unlocked for cleaning, so they walked right on into the downstairs lobby and went to sleep on couches.

By 6:00 we realized that we weren't going to be able to sleep any longer, so we got up and hunted a place for breakfast. We came across a milk bar but had to wait until it opened at 7:00, and then sat around until 8:00 slowly devouring our first meal in almost twenty hours.

First on the agenda that morning was looking for a place to spend the night, but all the student hotels and Youth Hotels were booked solid for the weekend. At 9:00 we hurried over to American Express for a guided tour of East and West Berlin for three dollars.

At Checkpoint Charlie our trilingual guide had to leave us as the East Germans very oblingingly provided us with one of their own guides. But before leaving the bus, our West Berlin guide told us that although West Berliners could not go into the communist sector, our bus driver was an exception since he was a communist anyway. She asked that we not buy anything on the other side as the money did not go to the vendors, but to the government.

After being checked through the "formalities" of entering Workers' Paradise, we proceeded with our tour of the Eastern Sector. One of the stops the bus made was at the Russian Memorial to their war dead, from where, our guide urged us, we could send postcards to friends back home; nevertheless, everyone heeded the words of our West Berlin guide, and bought nothing.

For all the time that we spent in East Berlin, we were disappointed in that there was really little worth seeing beyond the many ruins of the Second World War. The communists are even tearing down some buildings simply because they were used by the Nazis.

It was close to 1:30 when we crossed the border back into West Berlin, and we spent the next hour riding along the Wall. Everywhere there were grim reminders of the people who had tried unsuccessfully to escape. It gave one a depressive feeling to see the very buildings shown in American newsreels, and from which people had tried to escape to freedom. So many of them never made it and were killed trying. At each spot where someone has died, the West Berliners have erected a grim monument consisting of three vertical stakes in the ground, encircled with barbed wire, and bearing the name of the person killed. Every day, West Berliners come to these monuments and cover them with flowers.

At some places, not only is there the barbed wire along the top of the Wall, but there is even broken glass embedded vertically in soft mortar in it.

To wind up the tour, we drove to a place already familiar to us from the previous night—the Brandenberg Gate. Only this time we could appreciate it more. What really shocked us was learning the story behind a monument near the Gate on our side of the Wall. When the Russians entered Berlin after the war, the first thing they did was to create a monument for the first tank to enter the city. When Berlin was divided after the War, the Russians were given the right to keep the monument where it was, as well as have the right to change the guards everyday. But when the Russians erected the Wall in 1961, the West Berliners stormed the Russian tank-monument. So what did the West do? They surrounded the memorial with rolls of barbed wire and placed *our* soldiers there to guard the Russians from the West Berliners!

Our tour over, we all went to a fried chicken diner before setting out again to hunt for a place to spend the night. When we finally did find a pension for two dollars apiece, we spent the rest of the afternoon resting

That night, a few of us feeling brave, bought a roundtrip ticket to East Berlin on the subway, and crossed over the border once again. After getting off the

subway underground in the East, we were ushered into a waiting room to be processed through all the typical red tape. (Now I know where they got the expression *red* tape!) After they had checked our passports and sent us through a series of other guarded rooms underground, we were able to come up into the fresh air once again.

The first *Bierkeller* we went into refused to accept West German marks, so we found one that did. Wanting to meet some Germans, we picked out a large table where there was only one couple sitting, and we explained to them that we were American students learning German. The couple was very polite and immediately insisted that we join them.

For three dollars we bought a large bottle of wine and hoped the couple would be unrestrained in their talking; but such was not the case. The woman did most of the talking, and that was mostly about German music. When we mentioned to her that Vienna was having a music festival, she remarked that she *used* to love wearing those long beautiful gowns at the grand balls in Vienna, but she never went so far as to say that she was sorry that she couldn't do it any longer; neither would she go so far as to bring politics into the conversation.

By ten, the lack of sleep, coupled with the wine, told us that if we planned to do anything the next day, then we had better return to our pension. It goes without saying that a bed never felt better.

The following morning, Saturday, we toured the Dahlem Museum, where, among other treasures, is the original bust of Queen Nefertiti. Wandering around near the museum, we came across the new Freie Universitat Berlin, financed largely by the Ford Foundation.

By now, unfortunately, we could see that our time was quickly running out and we did have a train to catch. After grabbing a quick meal and picking up our luggage, we took one last look at the Divided City, and hurried to catch the train back to Vienna. ●

—*Carl R. Hookstra, Jr.*

i was going to say

i was going to say
comma
you asked me
for an answer
pause
there is no answer
unless
parenthesis
i can find the words
befitting
your question
parenthesis
you have the answer
in other words
than mine
pause
i had one answer
you knew
all the while
comma
you questioned

—Harold A. Lawrence, Jr.

Departure

In the evening's coral glow,
In February's frozen snow,
A drift of broken mistletoe
Lies wilting in the white.

How fast the gust of winter flies.
I see the longing in its cries,
The snowflakes in your almond eyes,
The coming of the night.

—Harold A. Lawrence, Jr.

The Unhappy Lady Of Shady Lane

Peeking rays from the sun fell on her naked body, making grotesque little patches of light on her waist and buttocks. She had been standing before the mirror for some time regarding her tanned and well-kept body which appeared far younger than its thirty-six years. Why she was doing so was quite simple: she had nothing else to do. Some minutes before she had come in from her Friday afternoon bridge game. She felt very warm after walking the fifty-or-so yards from the garage to the house through the cold November afternoon and then having the magnificent heat enshroud her in a bath of warmth.

There was more than an hour and a half before her husband would get home, and she disliked the white sheath dress that was just beginning to be a bit tight. She began undressing and, when this was done, she took a position before the discriminating eye of the wall-length mirror. Since she had nothing to do, she stood for some time trying to detect those sly signs of age. She found none. What was it, that commercial on television? How do you keep looking so young?

Well, it wasn't because she used such-and-such soap or detergent or cold cream, by God. She was naturally beautiful.

Right now she was having one of those nostalgic moods which had become more and more frequent. She was restless, bored, unhappy. When these moods came, she would usually take out her clothes, the suits, the furs, the jewels, considered lavish for her position, and ask herself what more did she want. She would walk through the large house, glancing at the furniture and telling herself she should be thankful. She would sometimes think of her husband, Peter Jonathan Lawson, attorney at law, member of the State Development Board, member of the board of trustees of McNeely Industries, of State University, etc. She would look out the window at the rolling lands that were half hers, at the 1961 Cadillac alongside the Imperial and try to convince herself.

She could always shake these moods, but they returned. There was no getting away from the fact that she was unhappy. There was momentary satisfaction in various indulgences, such as buying new clothes to help her over these moods. The new things got old, and she was feeling as she had before. Perhaps if there was someone to talk to. Peter was always either busy with a client or out of town on a speaking engagement or at some meeting. When he was home he was so busy relaxing that he had no time for her problems. And her friends had started acting differently. She thought at first that it was resentment because she could afford such luxurious clothes. She no longer thought that, for there were women in her various clubs with more money than she. No, it was if, when she entered a room where other women were seated at bridge tables, talking and flicking cigarette ashes onto the carpet, there was a hush and a discomforting spell of interruption and intrusion.

Now what she was looking at was a body for thirteen years shared by a man for whom she had borne no children, whom she wasn't even sure she loved or was loved by. Hers was a body to be looked at and enjoyed by appreciative men, by men . . . oh hell, she would get dressed.

She pulled on a pair of green, tight-fitting slacks and a matching sweater. She lit a cigarette and sat on the edge of the bed thinking.

Suddenly she picked up the phone and dialed a number.

"Peter Lawson, attorney at law, good afternoon," was the cheery greeting of a soft voice at the other end.

"Mitsy, this is Laura Lawson. May I speak to my husband, please?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Lawson, he isn't in."

"Do you know where he is?"

"I believe he's discussing will provisions with Mrs. Littlefield."

"Yes, thank you, Mitsy. Good-bye."

She didn't bother to replace the receiver but began dialing another number instead.

"Olson's," was the tart greeting.

"George? This is Laura Lawson."

"How are you, Laura?"

"Fine. George, do you still have that necklace I was looking at?"

"Yes."

"I'm going to get it. It's a surprise. I don't want Peter to know he's getting it for me."

"All right. There are two styles of

the same price. Both are two fifty. One has a brooch in front while the other . ."

"I don't want a damned brooch."

"Do you want me to put this on your account?"

"On my husband's, yes. I know this is an imposition, but could you possibly deliver it immediately?"

"I'm sorry, no. My wife has the car, leaving me to get about as a I can or I would be happy to deliver it myself."

"Oh, hell."

"I wish I could, Laura."

"All right, George."

"You still want it, don't you?"

"I suppose so. I'll come by in the morning. Thank you, George. Goodbye."

The doorbell rang as she was replacing the receiver, and Mable was not there to answer it. She was going to let it ring, but when it wouldn't stop she rose and walked slowly to the dark foyer.

"Why hello, Kirby," she said on opening the door.

"Come in. I was in another part of the house, and that's why I took so long."

She walked behind him, watching him. He stopped at the entrance to the den.

"Sit down."

"Thank you, Mrs. Lawson, but I just have a minute."

"It isn't every day that I have a caller as handsome as you," she said. "When a women reaches a certain age . . . but now what is it? You only came to . . . a cup of sugar, flour, a couple of eggs?

"More than that. I'd like to borrow your typewriter if you don't mind. Just for a couple of hours. I have a sociology report to type."

"Certainly, you're welcome to it anytime."

"Thank you. I would use my own, but somebody stole it last week at school."

"Good Lord."

"Yes, I reported it to the Dean, but I haven't heard anything yet."

"I hope you find it."

"I do, too."

"It was practically new, wasn't it?"

"It was a Christmas present last year."

"You can borrow mine any time you want, Kirby. Neither Peter nor I do very much typing, and we have two. You can keep one until you get another. And don't say that you can't do that. You can do it and will."

"Thank you very much."

"Look, do you care for a drink? Or do you not drink?"

"Only occasionally."

"And this isn't the occasion? I'm sorry, Kirby. I didn't mean that as it sounded. I'm not feeling too well today. Do you mind if I mix myself one?"

"Not at all." Then, "You certainly look all right."

"Why, thank you, kind sir. I'm glad you think so."

"I asked my mother the other day why she couldn't look like you."

"But your mother is a very handsome woman. Why did you pick me?"

"Because you're, uh, sophisticated, I guess."

"And what did your mother say?"

"She said you are naturally pretty."

"And what do you think, Kirby?" She paused. "Do you think I am beautiful?"

"Yes."

"Is that all?"

"What?"

"Nothing. How old do you think I am?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Lawson."

"My name is Laura. All my friends call me Laura. And you are one of my friends. Go ahead. Try it. See if you like the way it sounds."

She sat down on the sofa in front of his chair.

"Laura," he said.

"Well?"

"It suits you."

"Do you think?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Laura Lawson. Both names begin with the same letter as in Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot, and Claudia Cardinale."

"And Mickey Mantle," she said into her glass. "Now tell me. How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"All right. Now how old would you guess I am? Don't think you sidetracked me with your flattery."

"It wasn't flattery."

Her eyes rose from the glass and met his. He turned away. She got up to get an ashtray. Her lips, turned toward him, held his attention. She sat down again, crossed her legs, and lit a cigarette.

"I didn't offer you one because I know you don't smoke. That's not all I know. I know you are one of the nicest persons I ever met. Kind, observant, appreciative . . . now, tell me my age."

"I'd rather not."

"Don't be an ass. I won't be offended unless you come up with some godless figure like twenty-one. I want to know how old you think I am."

He looked at her for several seconds. Finally he said, "Thirty."

"Do I look thirty?"

"No. You look younger."

"You're wrong. I'm thirty-six. Thirty-six since September tenth. And you are nineteen. That's seventeen years' difference in our ages. Is that so much? I mean, do you think a man could love a women seventeen years older than he is?"

"It's possible. I think it would be better if the man was older."

"Why?"

"The male should be the stronger. He has to make the female secure, know how to do all kinds of things, and teach her. If the women were older—that much older—he would be more a child than anything else."

"Thank you, Dr. Freud or Dr. Spock. But I agree. Absolutely. But I think it is possible for a man to come to love a woman that much older. Physical attractiveness has a lot to do with it. You think I'm attractive. You even said you thing I am beautiful. But I'm seventeen years older than you. Could you love me?"

"I don't know."

"You find me attractive. You would like to have my body. Anybody can see that. Have you ever made love to a girl?"

"No."

"But you would like to. And my body is just as attractive as that of a girl your own age."

"You're mature."

"Exactly." She stood and walked to his chair. "Would you like to kiss me?"

"I don't think I had better."

"What harm would it do? Who would ever know?"

She extended her arms.

"Your hushand—"

"My husband is a damned fool. Kiss me."

He kissed her, timidly at first, then with more urgency and passion.

"If I may have the typewriter—"

"Is that all?"

She laid her arms on his shoulders. She kissed him as her hands slipped over his body.

The telephone rang. When he saw she wasn't going to answer it, he said, "It may be my mother."

She picked up the receiver, still looking at him. "Hello . . . Yes, just a minute." Then, "It's your mother. She didn't recognize my voice."

While he was talking, she took another cigareette.

"Hello. Yes, mother. I'm on my way home now." He glanced back at Laura. "Yes, I can borrow the typewriter. I realize it's cold, mother. But I'm not a child. A little cold air won't give me a virus. Please, mother. I'll be there in a minute. Good-bye."

Laura stood waiting.

"Where is the typewriter?"

"In the study. I'll get it." In less than a minute she had returned, carrying the gray case. "Peter has an office typewriter here. But this one is just as good and easier to handle."

"Will it be all right if I return it in the morning?"

"Keep it as long as you need it."

"Thank you."

"Good-bye."

When he had gone, she ground her cigarette into the fur which lay on the floor where she had dropped it two hours before. ●

—*Xavier Mensch*

ALBEE And His Opus

(Editor's Note: This is a review of the drama as a book.)

Slowly and partially replacing the honored niche of Golding's *Lord of the Flies* on the book shelves in dormitory rooms is a rather curious play by Mr. Edward Albee, entitled *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* This work, possessed of a rare title, has been performed on and off Broadway since 1961. Curiously, only now is it reaching popular heights of appeal, as some more progressive sectarian school libraries (regretfully not our own) are acquiring it. Admittedly, the play is liberally endowed with risqué words, but they are shadowed by the major point Albee makes. His story is one of mental and marital cruelty, and the power and shock of the play are only enhanced by the language.

The plot is simple. The scene is the home of a college professor where a two-couple party is held after a larger party thrown by the president of the college. In attendance are George and Martha, the hosts, and Nick and Honey, a newly-arrived academic couple.

Martha is bitter because George is a failure, even though he has the advantage of being married to the college president's daughter. She is angry that George realizes he is weak and doesn't change. They argue tooth-and-nail throughout the play. The reparteé is biting, cynical, bitter. Martha is crude, brash, and nasty. George is sly, skulking, quick, and nasty. They both are engaged in a battle of wits to the death. George is just too academic for Martha, who believes in advancement, by hook or crook.

"Martha (to George): You never mix, you just sit around and talk."

The other couple, Nick and Honey, are entangled in all this. Honey is naive to the point of incredulity, and Nick is a "climber," definitely Martha's type. After much drinking and much more talking, Martha decides to take Nick to bed. The result is a farce, for Nick finds he is much too drunk. Still, Martha imparts to Nick some sage advice.

"Martha: Around here we play Musi-

cal Beds, for fun and profit.

"Nick: I gather it's not who you know, but who you sleep with.

"Martha: Yeah, Baby, that's it."

But under all this is the dialogue, which is truly telling. Albee's characters are playing a deadly game of stripping off veneers of false personality. They go right to the heart of the matter, and when the play ends, four hearts are bared. Albee says of his smash hit, "It should be funny and horrible alternately."

Edward Albee is 35 years old, given to keeping cats and to wearing sweaters. His works, by his own admission, are indictments of society, but he is no crusader. His view is essentially pessimistic.

His career is unmarred by a failure, which is highly unusual. It started in 1959 with the presentation of *The Zoo Story,* an immediate success. Most critics say his best play is *The American Dream,* in which he tries to rip the facade off the average man, to explore what he sees as the horror of the average mind. Some lesser, and shorter plays, such as *The Sandbox,* show him as a purveyor of a deep sadness of life, which, along with the desire to hurt others, Albee says is inherent.

He is a master at using trivial dialogue, cliche ridden, to show a character's insides. In this, his work resembles Salinger's. Albee says, discussing theatrical reality, "It's not the purpose of any art form to be just like life. Reality on stage is highly selective reality, chosen to give form. Real dialogue on stage is impossible."

When compared with O'Neill, Albee admits an influence, but counters that he is influenced by everything. Albee is generally acknowledged the brightest young dramatic writer since Beckett, and destined for greater things. Right now, his greatest asset is *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* In it, he has taken a commonplace situation, and twisted it into a shocking and almost surrealistic experience. The bonus, which accounts for its appeal to college students, is that it is amusing and uninhibited. ●

—*Fred Robbins*

The lights on the Christmas tree, black at the base,
The color worn and scratched
(Our life is so damned short),
The only lights in the dark of Christmas night.
What of good cheer, decorations, Christ, presents, et cetera?
The past is gone forever.
When I was a child, I kept Christmas as a child.
Now I—
A period of rest,
A respite,
A thought, now and then, thoughts of peace and good will,
A desire,
A lust for friends and fun,
A need for a girl and love, the only real Christmas—spent in a filthy bed, quasisurreptiously, because there is no room among good men for this Christmas either.
A is Christmas, the is the past.
Now are the vagaries, the hesitances, the confusions, the nebulae, the rejections, and the losses.
And in their place?
Emptiness but room.

—Douglas Atkins

You Better Not Pout

The Fire Next Time

The Fire Next Time, by James Baldwin, 120 pages, Dial, $3.50.

James Baldwin is recognized as the literary trumpet of the American Negro. His novels and essays sound forth the cause of his own oppressed race. And, rather remarkably, he has been able to focus the attention of an indifferent America on the great internal eyesore that infects this nation today—the deprivation of the inherent rights and privileges of the American Negro. His thoughts and ideas, while being extremely pointed and directed, have caused both white and Negro to realize the need for social change.

His latest volume, *The Fire Next Time,* composed of two essays, one of which appeared originally in *The New Yorker,* is a blunt, direct expression of abuses heaped on Negroes. It has the rambling nature of a diary portraying the evolution of his personal ideas and experiences over a long period of time. A departure from the style Baldwin introduced in *Another Country* and *Go*

Tell It on the Mountain and other books, it serves to emphasize more clearly the condition of the Negro. No plot interpretation is needed; there are no personality representations that require analysis; the only element presented is a blunt statement of the case as it exists in his mind.

Baldwin sets down clearly the change in attitude of the American Negro from passive resistance to militancy. He makes it clear that the time is at hand for positive action to improve the condition of the Negro. The Negro has suffered under the abuse of chains and social rejection for over three hundred years—and the situation today demands that an effectual termination to these ills be brought about. The Negro is no longer willing to go along with a gradual correction of these wrongs; he is now ready to fight—and die—to achieve the rights that are inherently granted to him by the Constitution of this land.

The Fire Next Time reveals a definite undercurrent of bitterness on the part of the author. Baldwin has let some of his own disheartening and painful experiences become engraved upon his pattern of thought. He has developed a definite resentment for the whole Caucasian existence. This unmistakable feeling of hatred—coupled with Baldwin's cockiness—leaves the reader somewhat annoyed—both with himself and with Baldwin.

Baldwin places the responsibility for an expedient solution to this problem almost entirely on the shoulders of the white man. The gauntlet has already been thrown out. He feels the Negro position is one already established and that the burden has been removed from their shoulders. This point is vividly demonstrated in an early section of the book when he observes:

> *White people in this country will have quite enough to do in learning how to accept and love themselves and each other, and when they have achieved this . . . the Negro problem will no longer exist . . .* ●

—*James E. Dorsey*

We Walk The Earth

All men are born that they might die
And flowers warn of coming wind
The towers raised by men on high
Will meet their fall but first within

The time of love, the time of spring
Foretells of death in chilling snow
That damp and dreary winters bring
And makes the children cease to grow

The church walls thick protect the priest
And holy candles keep him warm
Though inward fire of love has ceased
The roof protects him from the storm

The flowers of time that grow by graves
Are watered only by our tears
And we are serfs—eternal slaves
To but ourselves and all our fears

—Al Bonnoit

RECORDINGS

This column is dedicated to all record collectors. Whether you buy four and five records a month, or pick up an occasional new release that catches your ear, you are still collecting records which will last for years to come. With the increase in the volume of records produced, and the infrequent opportunity for listening and evaluating, the record buyer is sometimes at a loss as to which of the best new releases to invest $4.98 in. To the ends of saving you time, money, and eventual disappointment, this column will contain information on the latest advancements in the record industry, plus reviews of the newest releases.

Perhaps the biggest news of 1963 is the announcement from RCA-Victor of the release of their dynagroove recordings. Dynagroove is not simply a catchword. It embraces the entire process by which records are made. Now, instead of simply considering the size of the group recording, the process has become a regular military campaign to wipe out distortion. Victor's process has taken into account the acoustics of the hall in which the records are recorded, the environment surrounding the studio, and much more. A device actually reshapes the grooves of the record while it is being played during manufacturing. This device eliminates over half the surface noise and distortion found on most recordings today. The sound on a Victor record today corresponds with the quality of the master-tape.

However, in virtually eliminating distortion, a certain warmth has been sacrificed for clarity. Dynagroove releases available include *Madam Butterfly,* and *La Tosca,* the first operas to be recorded in this process; *Porgy and Bess Highlights,* Malhler's *First Symphony, Peter Nero In Person,* and a Revel album by the Boston Symphony. Some of these releases will be reviewed in subsequent columns.

Reviews

Peter Nero—*In Person* (Victor)—After making a number of successful recordings with orchestra, Peter Nero blossoms forth as the leader of his own trio. This concert performance proves him to be as brilliant a virtuoso as he has shown so aptly in his subsequent recordings. But whether he is a jazz pianist will depend upon the listener's point of view. If one enjoys extremely inventive arranging, and polished technical ability, then Peter Nero is just what the doctor ordered. Few other pianists today could get away with combining Beethoven and Cole Porter. Nero is able to make even the dullest piece of music ("Button Up Your Overcoat") excitingly interesting. He is also a wit. His patter is full of puns and drolleries which let him appear as a completely relaxed showman. However, he is *too* clever and polished. His playing does not contain the emotional depth one must possess in order to be considered a jazz pianist. A good example of this will be found in his medley from *West Side Story.* He is at times brilliantly evocative, other times bland and routine. His playing goes from the hottest jazz to the most commercial sound of an ordinary pianist. He tries his best to play "I Got Plenty of Nothin" with "soul," but in spite of all his efforts, he is not able to achieve that earthy quality which he seeks. Most unfortunately of all is the failure on the part of RCA to list the other members of the group. Unfortunate, because I think the most exciting performer of all is his drummer. He is one of the most tasteful musicians around today. He is able to remain constantly creative while staying out of Nero's way, something which most jazz drummers seem

A REVIEW

not to be able to do. In summary, this record is a good investment in brilliant showmanship.

* * *

Judy Garland—*Our Love Letters* (Capitol)—This recording is without doubt the most insincere, adolescent, melodramatic piece of triteness that Judy Garland, or for that matter most singers, has ever recorded. Gordon Jenkins has a talent for thinking up clever ideas and doing the worst possible things to them. His lyrics range from unspeakably bad ("Ricky's") to mediocre ("Red Balloon"). His music tries to out-Laura Laura amid syrupy strings, corny sound effects, and over-ooing of the Ralph Brewster Chorus. At their best, his melodies, as in "That's All There Is," achieve that haunting sadness reminiscent of "Good-bye." The Love Letter, cooed softly by John Ireland, is so bad that I won't even mention it. In summary, this recording affords the buyer a chance to hear the great Judy Garland interpreting a thoroughly nauseating experiment.

* * *

The Four Preps—*Songs for a Campus Party* (Capitol)—This album is just what its title states. The Four Preps sing many of today's worst best-sellers, backed by typical Rock and Roll orchestral arrangements. While they sing together their sound is pleasant to listen to and fine for dancing, but when their "great solo voices" are exposed, they are found to be lacking in musicianship.

* * *

Joe Graves and the Diggers—*The Great New Swingers* (Capitol)—Joe Graves and the Diggers are neither great, nor new, nor do they even swing. With all the experience that Joe Graves is supposed to have had, he shows a startling lack of musicianship. No matter how hard he tries, he probably will never be another Jonah Jones. As for the selections he has chosen, "today's most exciting rhythms" have very little to do with jazz. "Gravy Waltz" and "I Got a Woman" seem to come the closest to the desired effect. The rest of the album ranges from songs played too fast for dancing to brazen mistreatment of some of today's better hits.

* * *

Barbra Streisand—*The Second Barbra Streisand Album* (Columbia)—In the spring of this year Columbia released an album modestly titled *The Barbra Streisand Album*. This recording introduced the public to one of the most amazing singers to come along in many years. Her second album furnishes us with just as many surprises. The majority of today's popular vocalists are content to sing *through* a song. And when they do put some thought into their interpretation, they usually let the lyrics go by the board, so to speak, in favor of a more instrumental approach. Such is not the case with Barbra Streisand. She interprets lyrics with a rare understanding of the thought which the lyricist wants to convey. Her mood and styling change with each song. She is hard and cynical in one song ("I Don't Care Much"), pensive and regretful in another, ("Have I Been Too Long At The Fair?"). She uses her small voice equally well in singing beautiful soft tones or belting a song with rhythmic ferocity, and she bends phrases in peaks and valleys of tonal color. But her singing is only half the story. The exciting material which she selects is arranged and conducted just as superbly by Peter Matz. They complement one another, each song, Matz's arrangement and Miss Streisand's styling. This record is well worth the money, for her ideas constantly remain fresh and vigorous. I heartily recommend it.

* * *

Ian and Sylvia—*Ian and Sylvia* (Vanguard)—It is the contention of Ian and Sylvia that once you understand the traditions of folk music, you may work out your own interpretation of any folk song. Their first record for Vanguard would seem to bear this out somewhat. In programming this album, Ian and Sylvia have chosen a group of relatively familiar folk songs. This gives them the opportunity to experiment with their ideas. However, they stay well within the traditions of folk music. They are at their best in "Rocks and Gravel" and "Got No More Home Than A Dog." Traces of jazz may be heard in the use of guitar and bass in "Rocks and Gravel." They sing with sincerity and a welcome sensitivity lacking in many folk groups today.

* * *

Jackie Gleason—*Today's Romantic Hits For Lovers Only* (Capitol)—From Jackie Gleason comes another one of those albums, his sixth, as a matter of fact, in which he succeeds in creating a romantic, restful, and relaxing mood. It is perfect background for romance, rest, and relaxation. What else?

These records were reviewed through the courtesy of the Music Box, 518 East Main. ●

—*Steve Stirling*

IVY-STYLED FASHIONS

PRICE'S

Store For Men

113-115 N. Church Street

- Bass Weejuns
- Sero Shirts
- London Fog Coats

GREENEWALD'S

INCORPORATED

Complete Outfitters for College Men

THE

CHESTNUT SHOP

Features the **"Ivy-Look"** In

- London Fog Jackets and Coats
- Alligator Top Coats
- Sport Coats
- Shirts
- Slacks

THE

Aug. W. Smith Co.

Concave . . .

When once I spread my arms and legs
and stretched to encompass more of
the earth I lay on,
Things underneath the ground began to warm
me and I felt the earth send its
heat into and through me,
I was thankful.
But then I remembered that my body
radiated heat, and I realized that I
was alone with that ground.

—Fred Robbins

HUGHES BARBER SHOP

For That Well-Groomed Look

Located
Just off Wofford Campus on
N. CHURCH STREET

SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY

Wofford's First Launderers

136 MAGNOLIA STREET

Dial: 582-7261

COMPLIMENTS
of a
WOFFORD COLLEGE BOOSTER

ARTEX CLEANERS

Where **The Students** Get
A Big Discount

218 MAGNOLIA STREET
Spartanburg, S. C.

Visit
BEN'S BOOK BIN
For

A Choice Selection of Paperbacks
The Modern Library Series
Slide Rules and Repair Parts
English, Spanish, French, and Russian Dictionaries
College Outline Series
Schaum's Outline Series

Composition Books
Wofford Stationery
Fraternity Mugs
Centennial Plates
Souvenir Terriers
School Supplies

— HOURS —
Monday through Friday
8:30 A. M. - 3:30 P. M.
Saturday: 8:00 A. M. - 1:00 P. M.

BLAZER WOOL
SPORT COATS
from **$19.99** up
COLORS—Navy
Camel
Bottle Green
Burgundy

BELK-HUDSON MEN'S SHOP

HORTON'S CLEANERS

Cleaning Is An
ART
And We Know How

We Rent Formal Wear

146 North Liberty Street

Editorial

A New Covering

Over the years it has become traditional for *Journal* editors to contribute a "comment" on various aspects of campus life and on things literary. But, it seems to us, too many people are making comments. We prefer to state our case boldly as an editorial and let it stand or fall.

Actually, our case has not yet been fully determined. We hope we are in a metamorphosis—a moulting perhaps. We are shedding old, encrusted covers and developing new ones that one day will be old, encrusted covers, we suspect. Perhaps it is foolhardy to tamper with tradition. Perhaps we should turn eagerly to Tennyson and Browning and replace our Weejuns with high-buttoned shoes.

We do not feel this way. We will innovate as far as we can. One look at this issue will probably convince a few good souls that we are insane. That may be. We will see.

In the meantime we will keep changing, adapting new ideas, new formats, new genres we hope, until we come up with something unique—that is our aim. We are not aspiring "to intellectual preeminence . . . among the literary magazines of Southern schools," as one recent *Journal* editor trumpeted in his first issue. Experience has taught us some moderation, at least. Originality, quality, and uniqueness are our gods—for the present. With them on our side, we might aspire to preeminence. Regardless, it will be fun.

And part of the fun is our vulnerability. Some of the ideas we put forth last year have already been discarded. A few boasts, we hope, have been forgotten. We have changed our mind, certainly.

But, do not misunderstand us, we are not making excuses for anything. This is the best *Journal* we could put together. We will let it stand—and watch eagerly to see if it falls or walks off towards Somewhere.

It is fun to walk a tightrope.

* * * *

Some of the new ideas in this issue of the *Journal* are the result of the Associated Collegiate Press Convention it was our privilege to attend last month in New York City.

Layout, certainly, has been affected by the words of the editors of many top national magazines who spoke to us concerning their publications and ours. One change is the "run through" story or article. A piece in our magazine now runs to completion before another begins. A sizable number of national publications have adopted this procedure with considerable success. And, we learned, a great many college magazines were already wise to this idea, which distributes material throughout the "book" and also gives advertisers more conspicuous space.

Another change is our table of contents, patterned on that of *The New Yorker*. So is the listing of the authors' name at the very end of the piece, again patterned on *The New Yorker*. We feel the author should be subordinated to his work.

Authors, who are generally rather shy but who are hams when it comes to seeing their name in print, may not be wholly convinced our innovation is sane. However, we are actually giving the authors more prominence by including all contributors to a particular issue in the "What's Inside" column on Page One.

A word or two must be said about the general theme of the magazine—and of the New York conference. Our theme is literary, that is all. But the conference moderators presented the idea that literary magazines today have almost no place on college campuses. College students are a heterogeneous group. As such, they are many faceted. They are interested in many things. To be successful, then, a college magazine must appeal to the general reader; that is, it must have something for everybody, which means "general things."

We cannot forbear asking, "What does 'successful' mean?"

That we leave to our readers.

We are including some pieces in this issue that are not strictly literary. We feel they should be published because they have something to say. And we feel this magazine should be a sounding-board for all things intellectual.

Finally, we wish to express our thanks to the Publications Board of the college who made our trip possible.

It was quite an experience, one that should be profitable to the college, and more directly, to the three publications represented, as well as to us who went. Whether or no it was intended, the presence of Wofford men at the convention should be a valuable public relations gesture.

Cloistered in our little "Wofford world," we sometimes tend to think of ourselves as the center of the world. Very few of the more than twelve hundred delegates at the convention had ever heard of us.

Perhaps it would not be a bad idea for the college to send "official" delegations to other such conferences.

Such an occasion affords opportunities to meet and talk with others interested in those things we are, to learn what they are thinking and doing, and to compare our ways with theirs. We hope our experiences will prove advantageous to Wofford's publications.

Intaminatus fulget honoribus ●

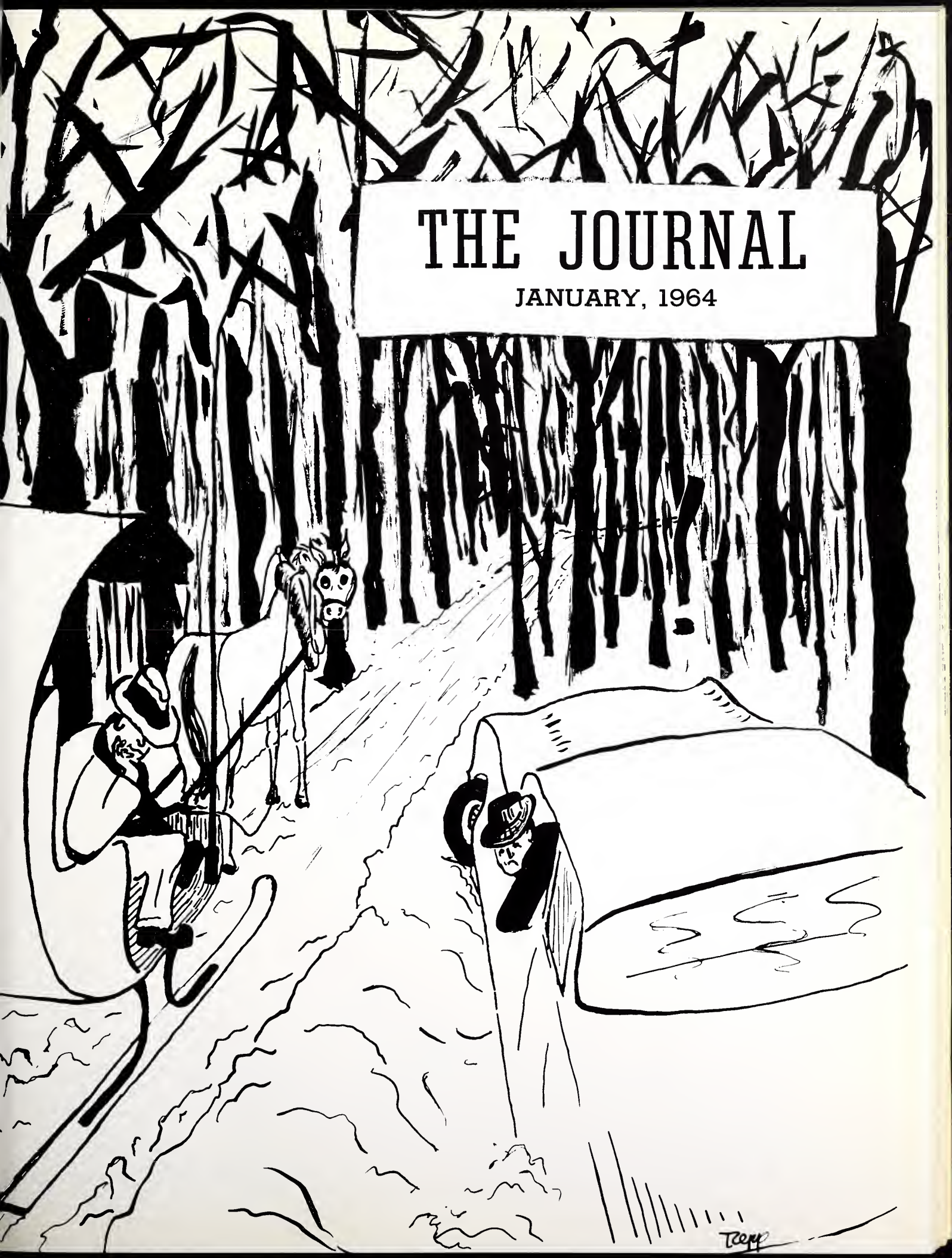
—Douglas Atkins

INTAMINATIS FULGET HONORIBUS

A. D. 1854

THE JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1964



THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME LXXXVII ★ No. 2 SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA JANUARY ★ 1964

What's Inside . . .

Our just-before-exams issue may accurately be called a potpourri. Although we are not alibing, we must say in all honesty that the present date is rather badly chosen for publishing a magazine, coming as it does just two days before exams and barely three weeks after Christmas holidays. Consequently no one wants to write—or rather, no one has the time. Therefore, the amount of material submitted for this issue has been, to say the least, below the amount we should have liked. Yet what remains, we feel, is a good potpourri to stimulate and also refresh those who read us.

Parenthetically, we confess our promise of last isuue to have a number of pieces of quality fiction this time must be overlooked. If anyone feels he can write better "stuff" than what is included herein, he is invited to try. That is the purpose of the magazine.

What there is, is a variety. There are a translation, a modern interpretation of an old-time fairy-tale, essays, reviews, poems, and a few other assorted pieces.

John West attempted—and we feel brought off commendably—a rendering into English of Emile Zola's famous short story, "Hiver." For those interested, "Hiver" is one of four stories Zola wrote comparing the human condition to the seasons.

Freshman George Whitaker did the "Goldilocks" piece. Many of the ideas ring true in this our lead story.

The freshman who wrote the review of James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time,* for the first issue came up with a penetrating examination of Mark Twain's posthumously and recently published *Letters from the Earth.* He is James Dorsey. Incidentally he did the essay, story, call-it-what-you-will, titled "Altamont."

Still another freshman, Harold Lawrence, contributed two more poems to these pages. The first is the eloquent tribute to our late President Kennedy called, appropriately, "The New Frontier." The second may remind some of Tennyson—maybe—but certainly not of the more contemporary style of poetry.

For the more contemporary style there is Al Bonnoit's untitled and zigzagging poem about, well, about what it is about.

Our second book review this issue is Hugo Sim's treatment of Bishop John Robinson's controversial *Honest to God.* We hope the review will set you thinking and perhaps send you to our library where you will find a copy.

Still another style of poetry is represented by Grady Locklear's three poems of scenes and feelings. Grady is not, by the way, a devotee of Basho, the famous Japanese haiku poet.

A poem of childhood (a currently popular subject in these pages) is included. The author signs himself "g. rishard." Perhaps e e cummings is not yet forgotten.

One of the essays this time has a very interesting background. The piece on Thomas Wolfe at the University of North Carolina is actually a term paper. But we feel it is worth reading. The author is *Journal* editorial assistant Preston Woodruff.

And, as last time, mention must be made of the contributions of Tom Zepp, art editor. Tom did all four illustrations. We think they are good.

And that is the second issue of the *Journal* for this year. We hope the variety pleases you and that you find something refreshing, stimulating, and/or provocative. After all the magazine is intended for the whole student body. It is your money that makes this publication possible. And please remember all manuscript contributions—as well as comments—are welcomed and will at least be read or heard with one eye or ear.

Books ***15***
Editorial . . . ***20***

THE JOURNAL

ESTABLISHED 1889 VOLUME LXXXVII, NUMBER 2

Editor.....DOUGLAS ATKINS
Business Manager.....MARION PEAVEY
Associate Editor.....FRED ROBBINS
Art Editor.....TOM ZEPP
Editorial Assistants.....PRESTON WOODRUFF, WILBUR ORMOND

THE JOURNAL is published four times during the academic year—November, January, March, and May—by the students of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Subscription rate is $1.25 per year. Advertising rates upon application from the Business Manager.

Supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board.

Dr. Boylston Green is adviser.

Printed by THE CHARLES P. SMITH PRINTING COMPANY, GREER, S. C.

Meanwhile . . .

Back In The Forest

Once upon a time there were three bears who dwelt in a little prefab substandard aluminum siding cottage with no weatherstripping because it was a shell home and they couldn't afford where it was. It was in the woods where trees and leaves and animal caves and parked cars with boys and girls in them because they don't want to get caught grow. The family had three children, a mama bear, a papa bear, and a little baby bear that was theirs. They lived happily after eating vegetable soup with tomatoes and drinking beer and watching the ball game on T. V. until one day Goldilocks came. The bears weren't there. They had gone to scratch on the windows of the cars with boys and girls in them because they didn't want to get caught that were in the woods. Goldilocks, she was called that because her hair was not red or brown or black, knocked on the door because she was lost and had run away from home because all her mother and father did was eat vegetable soup with tomatoes, drink beer, and watch the ball game on T. V. She wanted to come in if the bears were there so she could get directions to the freeway. When she found the bears were not there she busted the door down because she was strong for her age and had a good figure for a ten year old, but that didn't help her to get in this time. She got in and went to the table

in the kitchen because the bears weren't expecting company where there were bowls of vegetable soup with tomatoes and three cans of beer with the easy open top. She didn't eat the soup because it had vegetables in it and she only ate chicken soup because she liked the pulley-bone. Instead she easy opened the cans of beer and tasted the first one; it was good so she drank it. She tasted the second can; it was good so she drank it too. She tasted the third one; it was good so she drank it. She had never had any beer before except the kind that is brown and costs ten cents but she liked it and was drunk, even though she didn't go to college. She got up from the table but didn't sit in any of the three modern chairs that sink way down and make you touch your toes with your chin that the three bears had because they were covered with the Sunday paper with the crossword puzzle cut out and had socks hanging on them. For a ten year old with such a big chest, she surely couldn't hold much beer because she started toward the rest room. There she saw three beds where the bears rested. The beds did not make her think of sex. Some boys had not broken into the girls' room at school and written things on the wall and besides, she was just ten years old and didn't know that it was what she was supposed to think. Goldilocks was tired and drunk so she went to sleep. Then the bears came home because they were mad because they had put up a DO NOT FEED THE BEARS sign and still nobody fed them and they were hungry. They came home and saw Goldilocks there. She screamed and wanted to be let go. Papa bear would have let her too, but mama bear was mad because she did not like to see a strange woman in her bed with her husband's pillow and told papa bear not to.

But papa bear and mama bear settled their fight and the three bears lived happily after again watching the ball game on T. V., drinking beer, and eating vegetable soup with tomatoes and Goldilocks. ●

—George Whitaker

ALTAMONT

The alarm clock sounded at 4:30, and an eventful Friday began. I clearly remember the thoughts that fell over me when I arose: not accustomed to such an early awakening; still need more sleep. Yet the time had come to arise.

When I arose, I put on my shoes and went into the bathroom. I doused my face with cold water—thus producing that tingling sensation that one so enjoys at such an hour. Then I shaved hurriedly and went back to my room. I decided that my thick, winter suit would be appropriate for such a brisk, wintry day. I slipped quickly into it and proceeded to gather my material for the trip. My file cards, file box, and books all went into my briefcase. Then I got my umbrella and overcoat and started on my way.

The morning was very cold for that time of year. The temperature hovered in the mid 20's, with the sky slightly overcast as a remnant of the previous day's rain. I saw no one as I left the campus and walked toward the bus station. There was no life or movement on the street. As I walked the long distance to the depot, the intensity of the weather became more noticeable. I realized that I had forgotten my gloves and that my hands were becoming numb. I was forced to change hands in carrying my baggage to ease the pain of the cold. This was to no avail.

While walking along I noticed an old house that was in need of repair. It was like the surrounding houses, having two levels, a bare front, a gable-type construction, and a relatively neat yard. Apparently there was no life within; however, I suddenly heard the faint sounds of a rooster crowing from the rear of the house. As the sound got louder and louder, I realized that some life did exist within, no matter how barren the location had appeared before. While the rooster was crowing, the sun was just beginning to rise in the distance. Life certainly did begin early for this simple creature. Yet by beginning so early, wasn't he able to absorb so much more of life? Was he just a sign to begin another day of drudgery? Or was he a sign to awaken to life's totality?

As I walked on, I heard a car approaching. I looked around, hoping that the driver would see me and take me to my destination. As it approached slowly, I could tell that it was a local police car. It increased its speed, however, and passed me without even an encouraging glance. My last hope for a ride had just slipped by.

I knew the location of the depot, for I had been there once before on a similar trip. But for some strange reason, this time I found it difficult to find my way. Instead of arriving at the depot, I found myself in the main section of town. I was beginning to worry when, suddenly, I noticed a nearby hotel. I dashed toward it with the hope that someone there could give me directions. The clerk inside told me that I was within one block of the depot. With the confidence of his remarks still in mind, I hurried down the street toward the station.

I found the depot, entered through a side door, and went directly to the ticket desk. The ticket clerk diverted himself from his present talk long enough to sell me a ticket. I walked over to the snack bar to get some breakfast; however, it was not a very inviting place, so I only got a cup of coffee and read the morning paper as I waited for the bus to arrive.

The bus was ready to leave at 5:30. When the trip started, there were only

three other people on the bus: the driver, an elderly gentleman from Florida, and a Negro worker. This small group gathered together in the front of the bus, the whole arrangement strangely resembling an old stagecoach of the early West. Everyone was wrapped tightly in the garb of winter—all eagerly awaiting arrival at their destination. In fact, the appearance of the people was not the only legacy present from the old days; for when the bus started on its journey, its performance had practically the same sensation as did its counterpart of long ago.

It was still dark outside. Everything was quiet and peaceful. Aside from an occasional remark from the gentleman from Florida, all was quiet inside.

"Brisk mornin, ain't it?"

"Yeah."

"Making pretty good time."

"Yeah."

"How long ye been on this route?"

No answer.

The Negro man got off after the bus had gone a few miles. He was apparently employed at the depot and was just riding the bus the short distance to his home. This instance was to be typical of the stop and go routine of the bus throughout the whole trip.

The beauty of the early morning air was all about—a sort of quiet repose that put the mind at ease. Nothing moved. All was at rest. The bus passed sections that would be busily occupied in a few hours—yet the appearance now was different. The sun was visible against the beauty of the gently sloping lowlands that gradually rose to meet the majestic mountains. Slowly the sun and the mountains became one. They were an inseparable part of the horizon. But they slowly parted and day emerged.

The bus crossed the state line and entered the mountain area, where the road narrowed into a series of long, sloping curves that presented an imposing mystery at every turn. Peaceful wayside parks, small animals playing in the forest, a mountain cabin nestled against a rising cliff—all this was visible from the bus. This showed Nature in its truest sense—untouched by the hand of civilization. Merely a forest, some say. But look closer.

I felt breathless when the bus reached the mountain top. I had completed an adventure in pure, native experience. A few miles on the other side lay Altamont. Eugene was waiting.

The bus reached Altamont at 7:30. I got off and mingled with the crowd already gathered at the depot. The streets of the town lay in front, beckoning with the same call that Eugene Gant had heard many years ago. An imposing thought! Could it be true?

"How do I get to Pack's?"

"Up yonder way."

"Thanks."

I passed the location of W. O.'s marble shop, the scene of many vivid memories to Eugene. I could see W. O. working masterfully, using those tremendous hands that Eugene so admired. Who was such a man as this? What was the force that motivated him? It must have been that indescribable quality of the old Catawba country. There was something possessive about it, something that stimulates the soul. Here Nature creates a being after her own mold.

"I can't visit Gene until when?"

"Nine, mister."

"Why?"

Only a grim look followed.

I had an hour before I could visit Eugene. There was a respectable looking pool room down the street. I went there and played a few games, merely to make the time pass more quickly.

9:00.

Eugene's room was open. Miss Brickwater met me at the door and told me to come in. She said that she was pleased to see me again and that everything was ready for my work. A visiting professor from Warsaw, Poland, was also there to visit Eugene. Her interest in him showed a great deal of awareness, especially for a foreigner. I could tell that her presence was going to be a pleasant experience.

Miss Brickwater brought out the stacks that she had on Eugene and placed them before me. There was more information there than I could ever hope to assimilate, but I was determined to cover as much of it as I could.

Later in the day, Mr. Ralph Wheaton (Eugene's brother-in-law) came into the room and escorted the foreign visitor on a sightseeing trip around Altamont. She seemed very pleased to meet him and expressed her thanks to him for his time.

"We must be calm and try to face the situation," said Miss Brickwater to her assistant. "Things are going to get worse, not better. Let's just hope we can meet the challenge."

"What course shall I follow?" asked her assistant.

"Just ignore any orders given to you by anyone other than me. Above all, remain calm. Maybe we can outlive this thing."

The voices faded. A schism in the most unlikely place.

4:15. I had perused volumes of material. It was time to leave.

I said good-bye to Miss Brickwater and went to the depot. It was 5:00. I had a long wait.

A Negro man sat across from me busily grading test papers. His facial expression displayed a sense of depression. Was it his private life? Or could it have gone deeper? Were the test papers that bad? Was he concerned about his race? Still unanswered.

A family of mutes communicated with each other at the other end of the station. They were shabbily dressed possibly as a result of their affliction. Well-mannered people. Why were they so afflicted? Did anyone care? Take a closer look, oh Society!

The bus left at 6:30. I seated myself beside a blind man, a man who was perhaps no older than I. He had on his face a look of despair. His eyes seemed to search for something. He could not see. Why?

Drowsiness began to set in. Nothing was clear. Asleep. Or was I? I was not rested. A sensation of nothingness beset me. A void.

The bus stopped. I was home. The day's experience had served to open my eyes a little wider. I had experienced the spirit of Eugene Gant. ●

—James E. Dorsey

THE NEW FRONTIER

We lose a President.
("Hell yes!")
Another cripple banner hangs once more
In Washington
And we, who fought so patient for the stars,
Teeter on the very brink of space
And think of yesterday.

A thousand prided currents shock the world,
More than a thousand,
And place our memory back a hundred years
To another theater,
And we near tomorrow's edge on stumbling feet.

"Dearly Beloved, in the quietness of this hour—"
A dawn that never came but left us alone,
Undisturbed and asleep . . .
And meanwhile, in the city,
They water down the streets and try to scrub away
The tears of a nation.

And now a rushing back to the apron strings
Of fifty stars
And hiding while a million go uncounted
On a battered flag of heaven.
We resign, halting on the doorsteps
Of a universe.

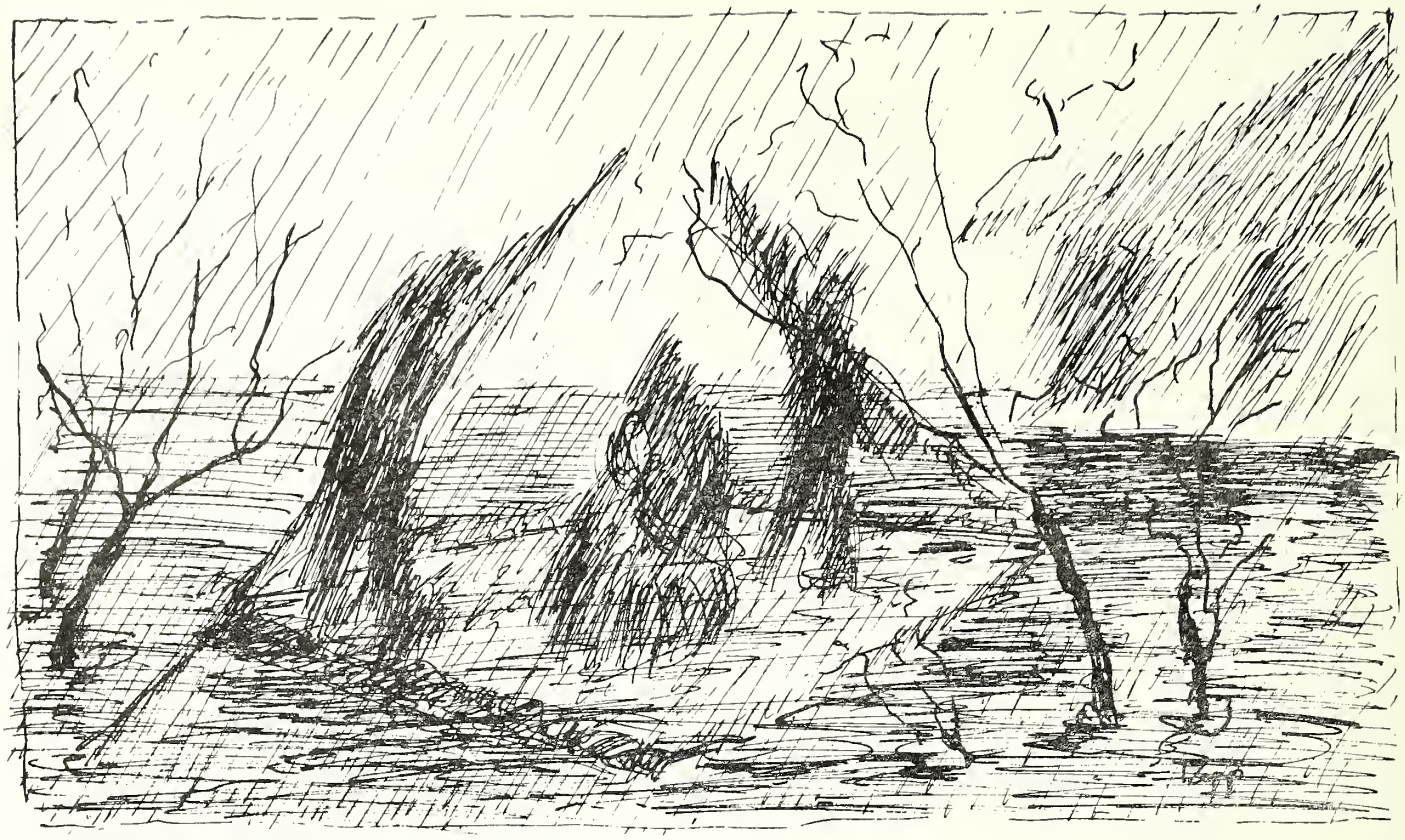
The world relents in numb respect
But life goes on
And the doorway that was dark, again is opened,
Never having really closed,
And all the cosmos satellites reality.

Death bids a leader back into the dust
And shifts the weight
Of living and of life from tired shoulders
And, as the strain of harness tugs America,
We stoop to grasp the traces of the world,

—Harold A. Lawrence, Jr.

As eagles grasp a mountain crag.
We are those eagles,
Soaring high above the crags of earth,
Lost in the smoke

From a flame.
On a damp hill in Arlington;
His lighthouse
On the coast of a new frontier.



WINTER . . . *(A translation of Emile Zola's "Hiver")*

January has some sinister mornings which chill the heart. On waking that day I was seized with a vague uneasiness. During the night the thaw had come; and when I, from the doorstep, looked at the country, it appeared to me like an endless tattered cloth of a dirty gray, soiled with mud, perforated with tears.

A curtain of fog hid the horizons. In this fog, the oaks of the lane raised their black arms lugubriously, similar to a line of ghosts keeping watch over an abyss of vapor which grows hollow behind them. The grounds were beaten, covered with pools of water, along which trailed bits of dirtied snow. In the distance, the great voice of the Durance was rising.

Winter has a healthy vigor when the sky is clear and the ground hard. The air nips the ears; you walk briskly in the frozen paths which sound under the steps with a silvery noise. The fields stretch out, clean and distinct, white with ice, yellow from the sunshine. But I do not know anything more depressing than these times—dull from the thaw; I detest the fogs whose dampness hangs onto the shoulders.

I shivered before that coppery sky; I hastened to return, determined not to go at all to the fields that day. There was no lack of work inside the farmhouse.

Jacques had been up for a long time. I heard him whistling under a shed where he was giving a hand to the men who were raising some sacks of wheat. The boy was already eighteen; he was a tall fellow with strong arms. He had not had an uncle Lazare to spoil him and teach him Latin; he did not go at all to dream under the willows of the river banks. Jacques had become a true farmer, an indefatigable worker, who became annoyed whenever I tried to do something, telling me that I was getting old and was supposed to rest.

And, as I was looking at him from a distance, a gentle and agile creature jumped on my shoulders, placed her little hands on my eyes and asked me:

"Who is it?"

I began to laugh.

"It is," I answered, "little Marie whose mother has just dressed her." The beloved little girl was going to be ten years old, and for ten years she had been the joy of the farm. Coming last at a time when we were no longer hoping to have a child, she was doubly loved. Her delicate health made her dear to us. We treated her as a young lady; her mother wanted so much to make her a lady, and I had not the courage of wishing anything else, as long as little Marie was a darling in her beautiful silk skirts set off with ribbons. Marie had not come down from my shoulders.

"Maman, maman," she was crying, "come here and see; I'm playing horse."

Babet, who came in, smiled. Ah! my poor Babet, how old we were! I remember that we trembled with weariness upon looking at each other in a sad manner that day when we were alone. Our children were giving back our youth.

The breakfast was silent. We had had to light the lamp. The reddish lights which lingered in the room were of a

deathly gloom.

"Bah!" Jacques was saying, "this tepid rain is better than a great cold which would freeze our olive trees and vines."

And he was trying to joke. But he, like us, was troubled, without knowing why. Babet had had some bad dreams. We were listening to the story of her nightmares, laughing with our lips while our hearts were heavy.

"It is a time that weighs heavily upon our hearts," I said in order to assure everybody.

"Yes, yes, it is that time," Jacques hastened to resume. "I am going to put some vine shoots on the fire."

A joyous flame threw some wide patches of light on the walls. The vines were crackling upon leaving the red, glowing embers. We had sat down in front of the fireplace; the air, outside, was tepid; but inside the farmhouse an icy dampness was falling from the ceiling. Babet had taken little Marie on her knees; she was talking with her in a low voice, cheering herself with the child's prattle.

"Are you coming, father?" Jacques asked me. "We are going to the cellars and storehouses."

I left with him. For several years, the harvests had become bad. We suffered some severe losses: our vines, our trees had been surprised by the cold spells; the hail cut down our wheat and oats. And I would say sometimes that I was becoming old, and that fortune, who is a woman, does not love old people. Jacques would laugh while answering that he himself was going to pay court to fortune.

It was thus in the winter, in the cold season. I was indeed feeling that everything around me would die. At each gaiety that went away, I would think of Uncle Lazare who had remained so calm at death; I desired some strength from his dear memory.

Toward three o'clock the daylight completely subsided. We went down into the livingroom. Babet, with her head bent, was sewing at a spot near the fireplace; seated on the floor and facing the fire, little Marie was solemnly dressing a doll. Jacques and I were in front of a mahogany bureau which Uncle Lazare had left to us; we were busy inspecting our accounts.

The window was as if it were bricked up; the fog, glued to the panes, was building a genuine wall of darkness. Behind the wall, the emptiness—the unknown—was growing hollow. Only a broadsweeping roar—a loud voice filling the darkness—was rising.

We had dismissed the workers, keeping with us only old Marguerite, the maidservant. When I raised my head and listened, it seemed to me that the farmhouse was suspended in the middle of a gulf. There were no human sounds at all outside; I heard only the roar of the abyss. Then I looked at my wife and children and experienced the cowardice that old people experience when they are too weak to protect those around them from unknown dangers.

The roar became harsher, and it seemed that someone was knocking at the door. At the same moment the horses in the stable began to neigh furiously and the cattle bellow as if being smothered. Pale from alarm, we all had gotten up. Jacques hastened to the door and opened wide.

A muddy flood of water entered suddenly and spreaded out in the room.

The Durance was overflowing. Since morning it had been roaring and stretching out into the distance. The snows were melting in the mountains, and each hillside had become a torrent which was causing the river to swell. The curtain of fog had hidden from us this sudden flood.

In rough winters, during the times of thaw, the water had often climbed as high as the farmhouse door. But never had the flood grown so rapidly. Through the opened door, we caught a glimpse of the yard transformed into a lake. The water was already up to our ankles.

Babet had snatched up little Marie who was crying while pressing her doll tightly against her chest. Jacques wanted to go and open the doors of the stables and cattle sheds; but his mother, holding him back by his clothes, begged him not to go at all. The water was still rising. I pushed Babet toward the staircase.

"Quick, quick, let's go to the bedrooms," I cried.

And I forced Jacques to pass by in front of me. I was the last to leave the ground floor.

Marguerite, who had been in the attic, came down terrified. I found her seated in the back of the room at the side of Babet who was silent, pale, and with her eyes supplicating. We had put little Marie to bed; she had not wished to be separated from her doll. She was sleeping softly while holding it tightly between her arms. This sleep of the child comforted me. When I turned around and saw Babet listening to the uninterrupted breathing of the little girl, I forgot the danger and no longer heard the water beating against the walls.

But Jacques and I could not prevent ourselves from looking the peril squarely in the face. Anxiety impelled us to realize the progression of the flood. We had opened the window quite wide; we leaned over it at the risk of falling; we examined the night. The fog which had become thicker was trailing on the water and was exuding a fine rain which penetrated us shudderingly. Only some vague glints of steel indicated the moving surface at the furthermost part of the darkness. Down below, in the yard, the water was splashing, climbing along the walls with gentle undulations. We still heard only the anger of the Durance and the terror of the horses and cattle.

These poor beasts' neighings and bellowings tore my insides. Jacques interrogated me with a glance; he would have wished to attempt to free them. Soon their cries of agony became pitiable, and a loud cracking was heard. The oxen had just broken the shed doors. We saw them, carried by the waters and rolled in the current, passing by in front of us. And they disappeared in the roaring of the river.

Then anger took a stranglehold on me, I became crazy, I shook my fist at the Durance. Standing in front of the window, I cursed it.

"Wicked!" I cried in the middle of the tumult of the waters. "I loved you pas-

sionately, you were my first mistress, and you are robbing me today; you are coming to cause my farm to fall and to take away my cattle. Ah! accursed one, evil one! . . . Then you gave me Babet; you flowed gently at the border of my meadows. I, myself, thought you were a good mother; I remember that Uncle Lazare had had affection and tenderness for your clear waters. I thought I owed you gratitude . . . You are a cruel stepmother, and I owe you only hate . . . "

But the Durance with her thundering voice, stifled my cries; and wide, unconcerned, she displayed and pushed her waves with the indifferent obstinacy of inanimate things.

I returned to the room, and went to kiss Babet who was crying. Little Marie was asleep with a smile on her lips.

"Don't be afraid," I said to my wife. "The water can't always climb . . . It i sure to subside . . . There is no danger."

"No, there is no danger," Jacques repeated feverishly. "The house is secure."

At this moment, Marguerite, who had gone near the window because of curiosity and fear, leaned out crazily, and fell uttering a cry. I threw myself in front of the window but I was not able to stop Jacques from jumping into the water. Marguerite had cradled him, and thus it was that he had a filial tenderness for the poor old woman. At the noise of the two falls, Babet had gotten up with her hands joined. She remained there standing, her mouth opened, her eyes enlarged, and looking at the window.

With my ears full of the rumbling of the waters, I sat down on the wooden window sill. I do not know for how long Babet and I had been in that painful stupor when a voice called me. It was Jacques holding to the wall under the window. I held out my hand to him and he climbed up.

Babet embraced him with all her strength. She could cry now, for she was comforted.

It was not a question of Marguerite. Jacques did not dare say he had not been able to find her, and we did not dare question him on his search.

He took me aside and led me to the window.

"Father," he said to me in a subdued tone, "there are already two meters of water in the yard, and the river is still rising. We can stay here no longer."

Jacques was right. The house was giving way. The boards from the shed were going away one by one. Then, Marguerite's death was pressing hard on us. Babet, panic-stricken, was imploring us. On the big bed, little Marie, asleep with the virtuous smile of an angel and the doll between her arms, was the only one who remained calm.

At each instant the peril grew. The water was going to reach the window sill and then overrun into the room. One might have said that a cannon was causing the farmhouse to totter with its muffled, deep, and regular blows. The current was going to take the entire front from our house. And we could not hope for any human aid at all.

"Minutes are precious," Jacques said with anguish. "We will be crushed under the ruins . . . Let's find some boards and build a raft."

He said this feverishly. To be sure, I would prefer a thousand times to be in the middle of the river on some beams bound together than under the roof of this house which was going to collapse. But where to get the needed beams? Furiously I tore some boards from the wardrobes while Jacques broke up the furniture; we removed the inside shutters and all the pieces of wood that we could get. Being furious, we sensed that it was impossible to put these scraps to use. Even though we were still searching, we threw them into the middle of the room.

Our last hope was going away; we understood our trouble and helplessness. The water was climbing; the harsh voice of the Durance was angrily calling us. Then I burst into sobs; I took Babet in my trembling arms and begged Jacques to come to our side. I wanted us all to die in the same embrace. Jacques had gone to the window. And suddenly:

"Father," he cried, "We are saved! . . . Come see."

Heaven was kind. The roof of a shed, torn away by the current, had just been stranded in front of the window. This roof, which was several meters in width, was made of light straw girders and floated easily. It would make an excellent raft. I clasped my hands. I would worship this wood and straw.

Jacques jumped on the roof after tying it securely. By walking on the straw on each part, he made sure of its stability. The straw supported him; we could venture out onto it without fear. "Oh! it will carry us all very well," said Jacques joyously. "See how little it sinks into the water . . . Steering it will be the difficult thing."

He looked around him and seized in passing two poles that were carried by the current.

"Ah! Here are some oars," he continued. "Father, we will sit down, with you behind and me in front; we can steer the raft easily then. The depth isn't even three meters . . . Quick, quick, get aboard. We can't lose a minute."

My poor Babet tried to smile. She delicately wrapped little Marie in a shawl. The child had just awakened. Quite frightened she observed a silence interrupted with heavy sighs. I put a shirt in front of the window and make Babet climb on the raft. As I was holding her in my arms, I kissed her with a poignant feeling. I felt that that kiss was a last kiss.

The water was beginning to flow into the room. Our feet were wet. I was the last to get abroad; then I untied the rope. The current glued us against the wall, and we had to take infinite precautions and efforts to push ourselves away from the farmhouse.

Little by little the fog had subsided. It could have been midnight when we left. The stars were still blurred in the vapor; the moon, almost at the end of the horizon lit the night with a pale, dawn-like appearance.

It was then that the flood appeared to us in its imposing horror. The valley had become a river. From one hillside to the other and between the dark masses of the fields passed the enormous Durance. It was rumbling with a

sovereign voice and was retaining the majesty of its colossal jet angrily. In places, groves of trees, spotting the pale surface with black veins, came into view. In front of us, I recognized the top of the oak trees which lined the walk; the current was pushing us toward these branches which were for us so many shoals. Floating around the raft were debris, pieces of wood, empty barrels and clumps of grass; the river was carrying along the ruins that its anger had made.

To our left we caught a glimpse of Dourgues' lights. Glitterings from lanterns were darting in the night. The water must not have reached the village; only the lowlands had been flooded No doubt help would come. We examined the lights trailing on the water; at every moment it seemed we heard the sound of oars.

We had set out at random. From the first, the raft, lost in the eddies of the river, had been in the middle of the current. Agony took hold of us again and we almost regretted having left the farmhouse. Now and then I turned around and looked at the house still standing with a grayish color on the white water. Babet, crouching in the middle of the raft on the thatched roof, was holding little Marie on her knees with the child's head against her breast in order to hide from her the horror of the river. Both were bent and curved in an embrace as fear made them smaller. Jacques, standing at the bow, was pressing with all his might on his pole; he would give us off and on some rapid looks and then resume silently his task. I aided him as best as I could, but our efforts to reach the bank were hopeless. Little by little, even though we thrust our poles in the mud to the breaking point, we were adrift; a force which seemed to come from the depth of the water was thrusting us into midstream. Slowly the Durance was taking possession of us.

Struggling and drenched with sweat we had come into its wrath; we were fighting with the river as if it were a living thing. We were searching ways to conquer, wound, and kill it. It was clasping us between its giant-like arms. The poles in our hands became weapons that we thrust furiously into the center of its chest. It was roaring, throwing its foam in our face, and writhing under our blows. With clenched teeth we resisted its victory. We did not wish to be conquered. We were seized with the mad desires of felling the monster and calming it with our punches.

Slowly we were going out into midstream. We were already at the beginning of the oak-lined land. The black branches were penetrating the water and parting it with lamentable sounds. Death was perhaps waiting there for us in a collision. I cried to Jacques to take the lane and follow it while sticking to the branches. It was thus that I passed for the last time along this lane of oaks where I had spent my youth and middle age. In the course of that frightful night on the howling gulf, I thought of my Uncle Lazare and saw the wonderful hours of my life smiling at me sadly.

At the end of the lane, the Durance triumped. Our poles no longer touched bottom. The water carried us in a furious bound. And now it could do with us as it pleased. We gave way to despair. We were going downsteam with a terrifying rapidity. Some large clouds, similar to dirty and torn rags were trailing in the sky; then, when the moon was hidden, a lugubrious obscurity fell. Then we rolled into chaos. Enormous, ink-black waves, similar to fish's backs sent us swirling. I no longer saw Babet nor the children. I felt I was already in the clutches of death.

I do not know for how long this climatic contest lasted. Suddenly the moon came into the open, and the horizons brightened. And, in this light, I perceived facing us a black mass blocking the route and on which we were sailing with all violence of the current. We were lost; we were going to crash there. Babet had stood up quite erect. She extended to me little Marie.

"Take the child," she cried to me. "Leave me . . . Leave me!" Jacques had already seized Babet in his arms.

"Father," he said in a strong voice, "I will save my mother."

The black mass was before us. I thought I recognized a tree. The crash was terrible, and the raft, split in too, scattered its straw and beams in the water's twisting current.

I fell, grasping tightly little Marie. The icy water restored all my courage.

Having come up to the surface of the river again, I supported the child, set her halfway on my neck, and began to swim with difficulty. If the child had not fainted and if she had struggled, both of us would have remained at the bottom of the gulf.

And, while I was swimming, an anxiety was strangling me. I called Jacques and tried to see into the distance; but I heard only the roaring and saw only the pale surface of the Durance. Jacques and Babet were at the bottom. She must have clung to him, dragging him into a fatal embrace. What an atrocious death-struggle! I would have desired to die; I was sinking slowly, for I was going to find them again under the black water. And, as soon as a wave touched little Marie's face, I struggled savagely again to draw nearer to the bank.

It is thus that I abandoned Babet and Jacques. I, desperate of not being able to die like them, still called them with a hoarse voice. The river threw me on some pebbles which were similar to those clumps of grass that are left behind in a river's course.

When I regained consciousness, I took in my arms my daughter who was opening her eyes. It was becoming daylight. My night of winter was finished—that terrible night which had been an accomplice in the murder of my wife and son.

Today, after many years of regret, a last consolation remains for me. I am the icy winter, but I feel throbbing in me the next spring. My uncle Lazare used to tell me: "We never die." I have had the four seasons; I often return to the springtime, and little Marie often resumes the eternal joys and sufferings. ●

—John H. West, Jr.

CROS

The sun gave forth its torrid beams
To brandish in the distant hills
As though to let them graze among
Tired fields. The wind-blown whippoorwill

Sang from a twisted sea of grass
That joined some straw-torn land to mine
And echoed death songs, life songs, yea
Love songs in the trumpet vine.

"Tomorrow brazen fowl," said I.
"I heed not thou eternal note
Of dead men crying, young hearts laughing,
Swelling in thy mellow throat.

Thy voice is but a curse to me
As are the lilies by the road,
Choked red with summer's clinging dust
From where some sandy horseman rode

To sway and swelter as it fits
A fool. His boots would never black
That crimson streak nor would I were
A bootblack could I buff it back.

Begone loud bird lest thou remain
And earn thyself befitting words
To blush fat friars at vespers,
Soul-drunk, sleep slurred.

Art thou some night-watch noble
Trekking wild in masquerades,
Mad for taste of wine and ale?
If this thy cause, be not afraid.

Would God some fairy lass might race
The burning primrose path again
That houses thee, O ministrel mine,
And part once more this grassy lane.

Thou horrid crow, thou wretched ghost
Of passing dreams, of sleepless chaff
That shakes my silent slumber stares
At odds with death in twain and half.

If from yon tuft of tanglewood
There blossomed soft and sweeter tune
Than haunts this hallowed powder-bowl,
My soul might rest its wayward swoon.

I fain thy melancholy song
Could muster from some weeded grave
With muffled drum and distant bell,
The love I lose, the heart I save

To beat anew in tombs of death.
Oh, God, to stop this grackle's sigh.
Thou feathered fool, what knowest thou
Of love? I loathe thy toneless cry.

Laments, sorrow, dirge on dirge,
Tell, Oh toll thy weary knell
'Till Neptune grasp thy sounding line
To ring in heaven or in hell

Or on some rock-worn island coast
And carve thy denseness in the stone
And spare my lawn of desert weed
In robes of ginger resting on

This famished earth. I mow and mow
And still the sandy lilies grow
And aye, the horses trample in
The gnarled grass the lilies blow.

Fly to some burnished sunburnt wood
To gleam and glint the fading light
And send thy sober signal call
To lovers in the misty night.

SINGS

But let me have my leave of thee.
Thy breath is spent in hopeless stead.
Love slashed my hearts in ribbons red
And death shall sear the wayworn thread.

Make way thy bold departure bound
To serve, thou song-rent troubador,
Some swollen death ground wreaking shrouds
Of black and rhymes of marble for

Whitened creatures dire in need of tune.
Thou, having earthly wings, could wing away
To many trampled and untrodden zones
And soar forever in the blue of day

And chant throughout its golden star-struck dreams.
Thy time has come for homing. Where's home?
O browning bard, I spurn thy ballad on
To write thy epitaph, thy epitome.

For though thy sight may strike my heart,
Thy sound is watchword to my soul.
I hear a moonlit meadow nymph
Rise up and tread the leafy knoll

Of flowered rhododendron
And skip the steaming summer road
With garlands from some violet bank.
Songster, pipe thy sovereign ode.

Take flight between the span of green
And found a silver grove thine own
To trill away thy torpid tune
In nightly call. The day is gone

And yonder slinking sunburst fades
To western crag and steeple dome
In wall of cloud and phanton wane.
Bring thy windy tempest on.

The light could blind a traveler still.
What fated beam could fathom thee?
Would thou to die and break the faith
Thou pledged to heaven and to me.

Content may breed within thy brain
For I believed and doubted not
The oath of one so kindly sent.
That it could change and cleanly blot

Thy petty lusty charge from me
And bar me hence, live and alone,
A stainless tumbling wayfarer,
A branded thief to love unknown.

Now greenwood trails are undergrowth
Where thorn and thistle thickly climb
To weave among the tawny stems
Buried in the trumpet vine.

Stems of lilies, freshly mown,
Bathed in scarlet, soaking red,
Where pilgrims stoop into the dust
And pluck them from their thirsty bed,

Then bring the stumbling horses through
To crush thy song in clouds of smoke
And cloak my twining sundry lanes.
Away, or thou appalling note

Shall choke and stifle sweeter earth.
Thy voice shall quickly pass away.
Could I but halt thy dread return
And if I might tomorrow say:

'The dimness fell in blond cascades
To bask the longing in my breast
And summer left a green sundown
To flame and smoulder in the west.'"

—Harold A. Lawrence, Jr.

Thomas Wolfe At U. N. C.

Thomas Wolfe is acknowledged even by his fellow contemporary writers as a major literary figure of the twentieth century. Sinclair Lewis, in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech in 1930, spoke highly and prophetically of Wolfe's genius; William Faulkner more recently considered Wolfe the greatest contemporary writer, with himself second, and Dos Passos, Steinbeck, and Hemingway following.

The most significant qualities of Thomas Wolfe's work are the style and depth rather than the narrative of his prose. His work is not didactic, but, as stated by Pamela Hansford Johnson, his stories are vehicles for " . . . his rhetorical poetry, which he delivers from his great height with the authority of a prophet who has seen the clouds open to reveal a calligraphy of fire upon the white spaces of the air."

The depth of his writings is awesome, especially to the reader who, like Wolfe himself, has retained the power to see and wonder at that which other men consider commonplace. This unsophistication is described graphically by Wolfe in "The Lost Boy":

> "This is Time," thought Grover. "Here is the Square, here is my father's shop, and here am I." And light came and went and came again—but now not quite the same as it had done before. The boy saw the pattern of familiar shapes and knew that they were just the same as they had always been. But something had gone out of day, and something had come in again. Out of the vision of those quiet eyes some brightness had gone, and into their vision had come some deeper color. He could not say, he did not know through what transforming shadows life had passed within that quarter hour. He only knew that something had been lost—something forever gained.

Thus was Thomas Wolfe himself, for the lost boy is Thomas Wolfe. His wondering realization of life, and the fineness of his prose make his work a literary legacy unbounded by the period in which the works were created, or in which the narrative takes place.

No one event in Wolfe's life dominated his writing, as he himself stated in an unpublished prologue to *You Can't Go Home Again*. However, the influences of his four years at the University of North Carolina are discernible, and consideration of these influences aid in an educated study of his writings.

The years Wolfe spent at Chapel Hill and the events of Eugene Gant's sojourn at "Pulpit Hill" bear noticeable contradictions, though Gant's experiences are drawn from those of Wolfe. Wolfe had perfect license as a writer of fiction to create these incongruities, but examination and comparison of the two histories can increase one's knowledge of the man who created Eugene Gant.

Wolfe's freshman year at Chapel Hill in 1916 was an awkward and unhappy one. He had wished to attend Princeton or the University of Virginia, and as late as August of 1917 (after his freshman year) he still wanted to transfer. He wrote to his English professor, James Holly Hanford, " . . . and, I have no doubt, I will be able to finish my last two years at Princeton—a proceeding upon which I am now decided."

Wolfe had difficulty with his professors during his freshman year. He disliked his English professor, and changed to Professor Hanford's class. He was incensed at being accused of using a published translation in his Latin class when he actually worked long and hard over his assignments.

He bore the brunt of crude jokes from the upperclassmen. Once he sat devoutly through a chapel program conducted by a sophomore with false whiskers; he was ridiculed for his ungainly physique and ill-fitting clothes. He finished the year, after several boarding house changes, in a large, bare room, living alone. It seemed to Wolfe that " . . . he had stamped the beginning of his university life with folly that would never be forgotten, and that the best thing he could do would be to seek out obscurity for the next four years."

His sophomore year was surprisingly better than he had anticipated. He became active in as many campus activities as he could join, and he gradually emerged as a campus leader. He stated, concerning his initiation into a social fraternity, " . . . it is the greatest thing I ever did, and will mean much."

He developed, through his activity and new-found popularity, an aggressive philosophy outlined in a letter to his brother Ben in 1918. He stated, "I've found out one thing down here that ought to be invaluable to me some day when I get out and root for the shining shekels. You can't get anything handed to you on a silver platter. The man that is the most popular and the best liked is the man that goes out and takes what he wants by his own efforts."

These examples indicate the main contradictions between Wolfe's college experiences and those of Eugene Gant. Gant was a thoroughly lonely and unhappy person throughout his college years, while Wolfe seemingly became quite satisfied with his life at Chapel Hill. How, then, could Wolfe produce the character and chronicle of Eugene Gant?

Wolfe, during these years, actually retained the detachment of spirit that later enabled him to view life as he did, from an unsophisticated viewpoint. In this spirit, he brought to life the sharp image of Eugene Gant. To be sure, Wolfe did actually enjoy his years at school; he wrote, right before graduation, " . . . I hate to leave this place. It's mighty hard. It's the oldest of the state universities and there's an atmosphere here that's fine and good."

Nevertheless, his perception and insight into his own being never let him forget the anguish which resided within him, and which later became an even more important aspect of his life.

The most significant of Wolfe's activities at Chapel Hill were his literary

endeavors. In 1917, he became a member of the Dialectic Society and was elected assistant editor of the student newspaper, the *Tar Heel.* During his junior year, he was also associate editor of the *Carolina Magazine* and was acting editor of the *Tar Heel,* to which post he was formally elected at the end of his junior year. In his final year at Chapel Hill, he was assistant editor-in-chief of the *Yackety-Yack,* the school yearbook of 1920.

As the editor of the *Tar Heel* and the campus humor magazine, the *Tar Baby,* Wolfe revealed his competence at writing humorous material. He directed his wit and satire at himself, as well as at other persons and institutions. He wrote in one night a forty-page issue of the *Tar Baby,* satirizing the Raleigh *News* and *Observer.* He printed jokes upon his own ungainly size, upon university politics, and upon school life in general. His humor added greatly to his popularity.

Wolfe's serious writings at U. N. C. varied as to type and quality. Most of his editorials for the *Tar Heel* were concerned with time-honored collegiate topics, such as school spirit or the honor system. However, some of his serious efforts were quite good. An editorial directed at the gubernatorial candidates of North Carolina drew attention from all over the state. Some state newspapers reprinted it, or quoted from it, thus forming the beginning of a reputation for Wolfe as a writer.

Poetry was another area of literature in which Thomas Wolfe experimented. His first published verse appeared in the *Carolina Magazine;* "A Field in Flanders," concerning the dead of the First World War, was published in November of 1918. This poem was followed by "To France," in December, and "The Challenge," in March of 1920.

Wolfe's poetry was largely derivative and imitative. As evidenced by the titles, his chief source of inspiration was the First World War. The quality of his poetry was hardly better than that of ordinary college material, and it by no means represents his writing ability during those years of his life.

If any single activity of Wolfe's at Chapel Hill had the most important effect on his style, it was his association with the Carolina Playmakers. Frederich Koch, who came to U. N. C. from the University of North Dakota, organized the Playmakers in 1918 and instructed the playwriting class of which Wolfe was the only male member. Under him, Wolfe created two one-act folk plays. *The Return of Buck Gavin* was published in the *Carolina Magazine* in March in 1919. It was presented by the Carolina Playmakers, and later published by Professor Koch in an anthology of folk plays. Wolfe's second one-act play was *Deferred Payment,* published in the June, 1919, issue of the *Magazine.*

Professor Koch instructed his students to draw on the materials of their own region. Under this influence, Wolfe made the mountain land of his childhood the setting for his plays. The importance of the area around Asheville shows up in his later work, such as these quotations from *Look Homeward, Angel:* " . .. . But they could look across at the fair wild hills on the other side of the cove, cleared half-way up their flanks with ample field and fenced meadow, and forested above with a billowing sea of greenery." ". . . A thick blade of mist washed slowly around the rampart of a mountain." "The mountains were his masters. They rimmed in life. They were the cup of reality, beyond growth, beyond struggle and death. They were his absolute unity in the midst of eternal change."

Being his first endeavors in playwriting, these two plays were not of the quality of Wolfe's later work. He was reluctant to have Professor Koch publish *Buck Gavin,* and later made him promise never to produce it again with the Carolina Playmakers.

One other creation of Wolfe's gained local notoriety. During his junior year he won the Worth Prize for his philosophical essay, "The Crisis in Industry," which was published in pamphlet form. Professor Horace Williams, a noted U. N. C. philosophy professor, stated in the introduction to the pamphlet that the essay was above the usual collegiate discourses concerned with philosophical abstractions.

Thomas Wolfe naturally glowed at favorable remarks such as these, but he was hypersensitive to adverse criticisms of his work. He would rush from the scene if he considered his criticism unjust. He felt the agonizing shame of the child Eugene Gant in *Look Homeward, Angel:* " . . . And drawing his foot sharply off the ground and craning his neck convulsively as shame burnt in him . . . he wondered why the thing had happened." Wolfe continued to be extremely sensitive to criticism all of his life.

Wolfe himself realized the influence of the University of North Carolina upon his style. He reminisced, in 1926, "Greenlaw said I had achieved style—what most men don't get till forty." Professor Greenlaw, Wolfe's Advanced Composition instructor, stated that Wolfe was " . . . an exceedingly able writer . . . and a man of interesting personality."

The effort of Wolfe's classical studies —Greek and Latin—is obvious in works of his such as *Of Time and the River* or *You Can't Go Home Again,* in which he entitles parts of the books with classical references, as "The Quest of the Fair Medusa" or "Proteus: the City."

Greenlaw's classes in Elizabethan literature and drama were for Wolfe a continuation of his study of the Elizabethan works that he had loved since childhood. Elizabeth Nowell, in her biography of Wolfe, acknowledges the Elizabethan influence when she states, ". . . He was in many ways an Elizabethan, and that quality is one of the richest and most enduring in his work."

Frederich Koch had a personal influence on Thomas Wolfe aside from his professorial relationship with the student. He encouraged Wolfe to write plays professionally. Koch considered playwriting a highly important area of creative art, and his attempts to get Wolfe to contain his writing within the limits of one- and three-act plays led to the tightly woven quality of Wolfe's novelistic prose. Wolfe stated, in 1928, of *Look Homeward, Angel,* "The book may be lacking in plot but it is not lacking in plan. The plan is rigid and dense-

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

he screamed
he shrieked
he pleaded
he groveled in the dirt
but no one
heard him ever
do not conform
seek me
seek life
seek love
seek through your heart
seek to know
welcome me
but no one
heard him ever
to the streets
hotels
cars
churches
but no one
heard him ever
then
they
became tired of his incessant babblings
this one who
was
always telling
them
stupid
things
so
they took him
to a torture
chamber
but no one
heard him ever
so they threw him in a
gas
chamber
and when he was
dead
they flipped a piece
of cardboard in on top
of him which
said
king of the true
but no one
heard him ever

—Al Bonnoit

HONEST TO GOD

Let's take religion out of Christianity. No doubt a statement like this would cause many a man of God to rent his shirt in rage, to rebuke the speaker for betraying the gospel and for falling into the satanic hands of the atheists. Yet Bishop Robinson proposes just such a move in his book. He uses other words, "mythology" and "supranaturalism," to explain more precisely what part of traditional Christianity must be given up; but nevertheless, it is still the religious concepts that are to be jettisoned.

Bishop Robinson's thoughts on this subject are not original. In fact, a large part of the book consists of explanatory passages following excerpts from eminent theologians—Paul Tillich, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and Rudolf Bultmann are most often quoted.

The numerous quotes render several sections of the book unreadable by constantly interrupting the flow of thought. *Honest to God's* presentation and material, however, will appeal to the laity because of its directness and simplification, absent in the usually profound theological works.

The Bible speaks literally of a God "up there," presiding in the top level of a three-level universe. This "old man in the sky" was transposed with the advent of the scientific age spiritually or metaphysically from "up there" to "out there." This anthropomorphic, super-Being too, says Robinson, is really just a "sophisticated version of the old man in the sky." There is still this projection of a God apart from the world that visits earth somewhat like a space-creature. So suppose the atheist is correct in his denial of such a Being. Can Christianity survive without such a God and would it be for the better?

Bishop Robinson maintains that this view of God is rapidly losing ground and we can no longer expect "man come of age" to accept the God "out there." If the Church stands in opposition to such a departure, condemning all who reject the religious premises, the trend itself will be labeled anti-Christian and the Church will crumble in the aftermath.

Tillich's God of "depth" is a far more meaningful concept to Robinson than the God projected beyond and apart from man. God is not another being but "the infinite and inexhaustible depth and ground of all being." We become aware of the nature of our being by personal relationship, the ability to see into the depth of our being through our association and "unconditional concern" for others. It is in this relationship that we perceive love as the ultimate nature of our being. Robinson points out that to believe in love as the nature of our being is truly a great act of faith, but not merely as hard as convincing oneself of an omnipotent deity processing human characteristics.

For St. John, there was no knowledge of God except through the relationship of love. "He who abides in love abides in God, and God abides in him." But Robinson asserts that love is not God, "love is of God. It has God as its source and ground." This is apparently a fine line to draw, but a necessary one for Robinson in order to show that the sacredness of love comes not from projections of human love, for it is in this relationship of purest love that we sense the meaning, purpose, and ground of our existence.

When we consider God as "depth," it becomes impossible to reconcile the Christmas story except as a myth—a myth that marks the epochal nature of the event, "the divine depth of history."

Robinson suggests that Jesus Christ is the humanity of God, one earthly person rather than a strange, inscrutable mixture of God and man. Because of the haziness of this God-man relationship, Christians often imagine Jesus as really a God dipped in skin, who came disguised to live on earth much like the dissembled Olympian gods. Jesus was to them a being apart from man who descended into the world from outside.

As far as Robinson is concerned, this traditional Christology adds little to the value and excellence of Jesus' teachings. By insisting on its divine truthfulness, the Church merely drives the "man come of age" away and stifles any meaningful and lasting Christian faith for the present age.

Jesus was "the man for others." He had totally surrendered self, turning to the supreme utmost in love for his fellow man. It is on the cross, where Jesus displays the most exulted form of complete submission to others in love that we are given the revelation of God and the ground of our being. Jesus is the portal through which we can glimpse God at work, reconciling himself to mankind. "No one comes to the Father, but by me." But the Apostle John put it more simply: "He who abides in love abides in God. . ."

The major role of worship and prayer in Christianity must be considered since they are predominately religious. Are they to be discarded? To answer this, Robinson wants his definition of "religious" completely understood: it is the antithesis of the secular, apart from the things of the world. Leaving the world to be in the presence of God is precisely what Robinson objects to. God is found in the secular world by relationship among people and not somewhere "out there."

When liturgy, prayer, and worship stress departure from the world to search for God and the truth, Robinson disapproves. These rituals serve a purpose only if they draw us closer to people, making us more responsive and sensitive to theirs needs. Of course, Robinson explains that he recognizes the necessity for moments of isolation and seclusion from the humdrum of life, but reiterates that at such a time we should not look for God, as if he were out beyond the horizon waiting to be tuned in. God does not reside amid the rainbows; he is the "depth" in man—the foundation of his being.

The destruction of the super-Being will in turn require a new look at morality. Many Christians consider the teachings of Jesus inviolable, absolute laws. Jesus was sent by God who is the ultimate being over all people; therefore, his teachings are in fact the words of God and should be obeyed completely and unconditionally with no room for exceptions. Again Robinson differs widely with traditional Christianity. "The moral precepts of Jesus are not intended to be understood legalistically." No omnipotent authority has sent down a divine code. No course of action is universally right or wrong. They are illustrations, vividly revealing the degree of self-denial that *might* be required of us if we are in touch with the directing and meaningful will of God through unconditional love.

Christian ethics imposes no limit by an external code to our number of choices in a moral situation. "The only thing prescribed is love." Instead of simply restraining from an action because God says it is a sin, we will be required to look searchingly into the depth of the situation and to justify our actions through a love and concern for those involved.

Bishop Robinson has apparently tried to be "honest to God" in his appraisal of Christianity. A conspicuous thread of sincerity and concern is present throughout the entire book. He has no illusions that he is standing on the final level in the evolution of man's insights, but aware of only a step higher. The need for such a step is convincingly argued and outlined, and yet, he is in no way umsympathetic toward those Christians who will maintain their traditional faith. His task is to gather into the fold those who would reject the supranaturalism, not to reprove those who believe in it. But he makes it clear to the Church that Jesus must be the star we gather around rather than religious premises. "We must beware of clinging to the buttresses instead of to Christ. And still more must we beware of insisting on the buttresses as the way to Christ ●

—Hugo S. Sims

Thomas Wolfe *(Cont. from Page 13)*

ly woven." Maxwell Perkins, Wolfe's editor at Scribner's Publishers, realized that it was impossible to edit the book except in large sections. Trying to shape and fashion a novel out of Wolfe's writing was, Perkins said, ". . . like trying to hold on to the fin of a plunging whale."

Wolfe's point of view in the great bulk of his writing contains, in the limited, third-person grammatical form, much editorial context. These technical forms are considered bad form—a violation of dramatic illusion. Thomas Wolfe, either incognizant of this or completely disregarding it, developed his style along these lines, and his prose became poetically lyrical and profound. Because he did not consider himself bound by contemporary literary mandates of style, his work is timeless, and always valid as good literature. ●

—Preston Woodruff

SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY

Wofford's First Launderers

136 MAGNOLIA STREET

DIAL: 582-7261

HUGHES BARBER SHOP

For That Well-Groomed Look

Located
Just off Wofford Campus on
N. CHURCH STREET

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Letters From The Earth

Letters From The Earth, by Mark Twain, Harper and Row, 286 pages, $5.95.

* * * *

Mark Twain has long been regarded as one of the greatest writers America has produced. He contributed to American literature such volumes as *Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer,* and *The Prince and the Pauper.* In these books is that certain philosophy of life which has so long been associated with Twain. In *Letters from the Earth,* however, there is a more deeply rooted outlook on life that encompasses some of man's most cherished ideals. It reveals Mark Twain in a way which many of his most ardent admirers felt could not be. It is like viewing the dark side of the moon for the first time—one must stand in awe at its contrast with previous knowledge.

The book is divided into two main sections: a history of the human race and a collection of short essays dealing with certain abstract philosophies in man's everyday life. Throughout both sections of the book there appears what Skakespeare called "the winter of our discontent." The problem of existence haunts Twain and demands from him some answer. He calls out in a revolutionary spirit for man to change the ways of the past and reform to ideas of progressive thinking. Life has become too subservient to the dictates of the past. This is a sufficient mandate for a re-evaluation of the ideals and philosophy of past days.

The opening section relates Satan's visit to the earth and his critical views on earthly life. His visit takes place during the period immediately after Creation. When Satan arrives, man has just begun his life as God's chosen creature. Satan is amazed to discover that this creature actually believes that he was created by a divine power in heaven. This being, so lowly and insignificant, actually believed that God had placed him on his own special cosmos and was giving divine attention to his every need! This is absurd. How could this be true? Man's very origin and existence is a joke in the mind of Satan!

Later in his visit, Satan investigates the incident of Noah and the ark. Two of every living creature on earth were said to have gone into the ark. This would include elephants, lions, tigers, giraffes, and even flies and mosquitoes. How could Noah have possibly built a boat of such dimensions? Could one vehicle ever contain such an array of animals—from the very largest to the very smallest? Obviously not; but man believed that there was such a boat.

In these episodes, Mark Twain is ridiculing some of the religious absurdities that arise from a study of the Bible. He questions the actual origin of man's belief in a divine being. Could such a being exist? If so, why would he create man? Could man actually be sinking into a self-imposed world of fantasy? All of these ideas are vividly accounted for in the first section of the book.

Mark Twain draws a careful parallel between the year 920 after Creation and the world situation during the early part of the twentieth century. He does this through reflections on the part of Methuselah, supposedly the oldest and wisest mortal of his day. Methuselah comments on life as he saw it. He tells of the progression of the world since his birth in 687 after Creation. There is a striking similarity between his world and our world of sixty years ago. An account from Methuselah's diary serves to correlate certain Biblical incidents with the modern world in a way that is strangely realistic and clear.

The second portion of the book reflects Twain's views on certain moral and ethical practices of his day. One essay in particular, entitled "Letter to the Earth," discusses the hypocrisy of man's prayer life. Prayers are divided into two basic types: those of a public nature and those in the form of a petition. Twain places man in a humorous position by examining the weekly prayers of a certain businessman, Mr. Abner Scofield. The greedy nature of Mr. Scofield is shown by a collection of his prayers: Please advance hard coal 15 cents a ton; Please cause an influx of laborers to reduce wages 10%; and Please cause a break in rival soft coal prices. Through this man the whole human race is depicted as being self-centered and impervious to the needs of others.

Letters from the Earth definitely gives a different view of Mark Twain. This is a Mark Twain never seen before. After completing the book, one can certainly echo the theme which Twain is presenting:

> Have I not reason to lament
> What man has made of man?

—*James E. Dorsey*

Announcing!...

The Seventh Annual

HELMUS POETRY CONTEST

Anyone now registered at Wofford College may enter.

PRIZES ARE:

$25 - $15 - $10

For details, see Professor K. D. Coates

My Poem

I walk as a child
bare feet padding softly
on feather silk
looking for things wonderful
through unclouded, pastel eyes
of enfant innocense
seeing worlds in gentle colors
devoid of hurt.

I walk as a child
cleanly sipping dark waters
and not tasting the salt,
watching for pretty birds
that sometimes
flutter
their fluff wings
in the blue flakes overhead.

I walk as a child . . .
in tears of joy
unashamed and
unafraid . . .
until,
my swallow dies . . .
and, the feathersilk turns
to sharp pebbles . . .

Three Poems . . .

A brown tree
A green tree
The bird flies swiftly
Gone are the days——————

A gloomy day
A rain storm
A snow storm
Random thoughts——————

The arrival of new buds
The wandering of the mind
The "Romantic Movement" begins
Byron, Shelley, Keats——————

—Grady Locklear

HORTON'S CLEANERS

Cleaning Is An
ART
And We Know How

We Rent Formal Wear

146 North Liberty Street

ARTEX CLEANERS

Where **The Students** Get
A Big Discount

218 MAGNOLIA STREET
Spartanburg, S. C.

GREENEWALD'S
INCORPORATED

Complete Outfitters for College Men

BLAZER WOOL
SPORT COATS
from **$19.99** up
COLORS—Navy
Camel
Bottle Green
Burgundy

BELK-HUDSON MEN'S SHOP

Visit
BEN'S BOOK BIN
For

A Choice Selection of Paperbacks
The Modern Library Series
Slide Rules and Repair Parts
English, Spanish, French, and Russian Dictionaries
College Outline Series
Schaum's Outline Series

Composition Books
Wofford Stationery
Fraternity Mugs
Centennial Plates
Souvenir Terriers
School Supplies

—— HOURS ——
Monday through Friday
8:30 A. M. - 3:30 P. M.
Saturday: 8:00 A. M. - 1:00 P. M.

—— THE ——
CHESTNUT SHOP
Features the **"Ivy-Look"** In
- London Fog Jackets and Coats
- Alligator Top Coats
- Sport Coats
- Shirts
- Slacks

—— THE ——
Aug. W. Smith Co.

IVY-STYLED FASHIONS
PRICE'S
Store For Men

113-115 N. Church Street

- Bass Weejuns
- Sero Shirts
- London Fog Coats

Editorial

The Evolution Of Morals

Since that infamous November Friday of last year when President Kennedy was assassinated, much has been said and written about the state of morals in this country. The scene of the tragedy was Dallas, Texas, a hotbed of conservatism, where, many have claimed, a climate of intense hatred fostered the last months of the assassin. Clergymen have taken up the cross and used the assassination as a witness for their prosecution of all those who bear hatred in their hearts. Others have blandly denied any responsibility for this climate of hatred which is supposed to be infesting the whole country and particularly the South.

What then can be said of the state of morals in the present day and particularly in this country? What can be said about morality, trying to speak as calmly and logically as possible while at the same time keeping the emotional overtones under control?

The picture brought to mind, it seems, is vague and clouded. The colors are indistinct. The paint is not dry. The artist is not yet finished. The whole matter seems in a state of flux. What may be emerging is an evolution in morality.

Hypocrisy still appears despite the fact that American civilization is seemingly determined to destroy this monster.

This country has come a long way—indeed the world has—from floor-sweeping dresses and sly snickers to the Easter celebrations of college students on the Florida beaches. "Has come a long way from"—this implies progress, does it not? Yet now almost "anything goes."

Some people look upon the present day as terribly sinful, immoral, Godless. They reach this conclusion after seeing girls in bikinis and with cigarettes in their mouths. Perhaps there is a laxity in the field of morality; yet most of the hypocrisy is gone. Any form of posing is now suspect. Whatever is done is done mainly in "the light of common day." It seems as if there is a conscious flouting of the old Victorian morals.

And this is precisely the case. The rug has been pulled out from under many of the untruths to which man has been bound hand and foot for hundreds of years. Instead of a regression into immorality, the present may, optimistically, be looked upon as a higher level in the evolution of morality.

The ancient Hebraic *Lex Talionis* demanded punishment in the form of an eye for an eye and so forth. The magnificent Greek civilization in all its glory thought nothing of enslaving thousands. The Roman Catholic Church could sanction an Inquisition and an Index of banned books. Americans with a skin color different from that of the ruling majority in one instance could be penned up on a reservation, treated and accepted as slaves in another. Any allusion to sex could bring an immediate blush to the face of an otherwise intelligent man or woman. God could only be thought of as a kindly old man with a long white beard who lived "up there." The list is endless.

The above and similar moralities have been replaced. There has been an evolution. Man is morally freer. The moral emphasis is now on the individual. It is his problem whether to cheat on an examination, on his income tax returns, whether to have extra-marital sexual relations. The burden is on him. Man, for the most part, is now too sophisticated to be preached to, to be told that he has to do thus and so. Ideally, he looks at the basis of his morality and then decides.

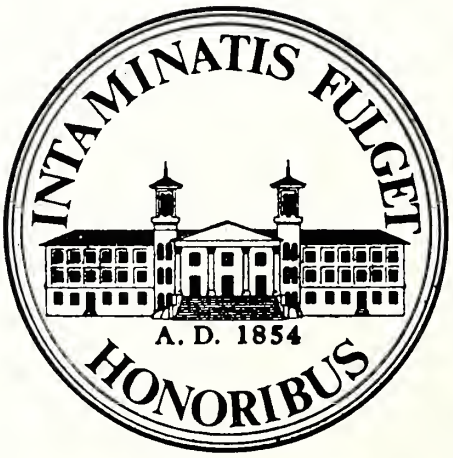
Ideally, he looks and decides. Often a laxity triumphs. Often he drifts. Often there is no replacement for what the flouting of the old morality has succeeded in tearing down.

But many times there is a firmer basis of truth realized. The burden is man's. This is a strange and wonderful thing. It is his to do with as he will. Because he does not believe in a God with a white beard who lives "up there" does not mean that he is not a Christian. Because he cannot accept all the lessons he was taught in Sunday school does not mean he is a heathen. Because he reads *Playboy* does not mean he is forever damned.

His morality has evolved. Tradition is no longer a dictator. The burden is on man. Truth is still truth. The Bible is still relevant, so is God and Christ. Man's horizons have broadened. The old warcry of the French Revolution is more nearly realized every day: *liberté, égalité et fraternité.*

But the war has not been won. In fact, the first battle has not yet been won. Man is still hypocritical, tyrannical, biased, hateful, unloving. But he is learning. And morality keeps on evolving. It is not—must not be—stagnant. Morality is dynamic. Morality is of the present. There is no one code of conduct by which to live. No one has prescribed how man should comport himself in every situation. In the words of St. Paul, "For the whole law is fulfilled in one word, 'You shall love your neighbor as yourself'." ●

—*Douglas Atkins*


INTAMINATIS FULGET
A. D. 1854
HONORIBUS

the journal

march - 1964

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME LXXXVII ★ No. 3 SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA MARCH ★ 1964

What's Inside . . .

At the risk of incurring the wrath of at least one faculty member we are persisting in using "our" table of contents. Another persistent note is the variegated material we are presenting.

Something more or less rare in this volume of the *Journal* is the use this issue of three pieces of fiction. One is a "cute" piece, rather caustic and brimming with satire, often savage, about college life. The author is A. Merrill Williams, a newcomer to these pages and a welcomed one.

We are proud to have g. r. langworth's short story, "Death of a Sammy." The same author contributed a poem to the last issue, "My Poem." Unfortunately, his name was omitted.

Journal assistant editor Fred Robbins has produced a rather sprightly essay on that big bad monster, Communism. No offense to those in Cloisterville—or Pacolet.

Then, just to keep the more conservative members of the community happy (well, not really) we have a review of Senator Barry Goldwater's book, *Why Not Victory?* The critic (he is that) is Freshman James Dorsey, no stranger to these pages and now a member of the staff.

Another staff member and a freshman, Preston Woodruff, wrote the essay on the songs and poetry of Bob Dylan, one of the leading folk-song artists and a major artist of the "boardside" genre.

Senior Wiley Cooper, a pre-ministerial student, examines the Bible in considerable detail to determine the validity of the arguments pro and con certain biblical statements and their relations to the segregation question. Is the Bible for integration? Well, read "Segregation and the Bible."

Our music reviewer, Steve Stirling, returns this month with a look at Joan Baez, Barbra Streisand, and others.

Again, we are pleased to publish a number of poems culled from the many put into our hands. Freshman Harold Lawrence returns with two short poems, "Postscript" and "Sonnet Entitled Children of the Rain." He also wrote "Diamond-Eye."

Sophomore Kent Bishop contributed two rather nostalgic pieces, "Old Town" and an untitled poem.

We are including one of our own poems that may cause some fist-clinching in some circles, "Magnus Martyr." We have another near the end of the book.

And our per-issue comment on the current state of our civilization is found on the end page. Hugh Hefner in reverse perhaps.

Our third piece of fiction this issue was done by Charles Thompson, a freshman. The setting and time may remind some of television westerns, but we think this story goes beyond their level.

At any rate we are proud to present the fiction we have long been seeking. We hope we have a chance to use fiction in our last issue of the year, out May 1. By the way, we are planning on including the prize winners in the Helmus Poetry Contest.

Our final comment here concerns Tom Zepp, our art editor. Thanks to his giving freely of his time and talent, the *Journal* has been able to illustrate a number of its pieces each issue. We feel that Tom's illustrations this time give a particularly professional air to at least one aspect of the magazine.

Books **20**
Recordings . . **21**
Editorial . . . **24**

THE JOURNAL

ESTABLISHED 1889 VOLUME LXXXVII, NUMBER 3

Editor.....DOUGLAS ATKINS
Business Manager.....MARION PEAVEY
Associate Editor.....FRED ROBBINS
Art Editor.....TOM ZEPP
Editorial Assistants.....JAMES DORSEY, WILBUR ORMOND, PRESTON WOODRUFF

THE JOURNAL is published four times during the academic year—November, January, March, and May—by the students of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Subscription rate is $1.25 per year. Advertising rates upon application from the Business Manager.

Supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board.

Dr. Boylston Green is adviser.

Printed by THE CHARLES P. SMITH PRINTING COMPANY, GREER, S. C.

The Canker In The Apple

At the risk of seeming somewhat nationalistic, which everyone knows is not fashionable any more, I am starting this informality by saying that Communism can be punched, so to speak, "full of holes." Now that is perfectly obvious to us all. Agencies of the United States Government have been doing it for decades, newspapers since 1945, and even *Time* does it occasionally. If the JOURNAL wished to smack of Harvard and Boston coffee houses, then it would be a simple matter to write an article attacking big business and the bourgeoisie. Then we would be fashionable, because, after all, no one who is "intelligent" can still like these things.

Communism is the greatest organized affront to a staid and pounchy West that has ever appeared. It also provides something to talk about after you have run out of people to comment on. Some Marxian doctrines compete with The Three Stooges for belly-laughs, until one thinks to himself, "Isn't that what these ignorant clunks are doing now?" and then suddenly it isn't funny at all.

Now I wish to echo another perfectly obvious conclusion and say we have more to fear from the pure Marxist line of countries than from the watered-down pragmatism of Soviet Russia. Some say this is highly debatable. I leave them to their slyly chosen words and move on to comment on the basic fallacies of Communism.

In *The Communist Manifesto,* the Logos for Red China, Mr. Marx, that horrible man who was depraved enough to think up this nasty mess, comments on just about everything from motherhood to God, and he is against it all. If we were to go out on a street in any town in the United States and ask the nine-to-five people why they dislike Communism, we would get answers like: "They don't believe in God," and "They're trying to kill the family," or "They want to conquer the world." The last man would undoubtedly have visions of missiles arching over the oceans toward Pacolet, South Carolina, his "home town."

All right then, the average person is ignorant of Communism and thinks it is a force dedicated to a Spartan-like existence until it can take over the wealth of the world. Then, according to Marxism, Communism would infest everyone, and we would all be equals. This is what the people who chant, "I'd rather be Red than dead," believe. But, how far can we trust the communists? Indeed how far can they trust us? It is to be remembered that the American public gets a view that is often hazy indeed, and we do not really *know* what is happening in Washington, nor does anyone know, except perhaps a computer system in the basement of the Pentagon. Considering all this, plus the great increase in militarism, how can we trust ourselves?

The fact remains that the reason we all hate Communism is that it threatens the *American Way of Life,* with Wheaties and time-payments. Some groups are doing great work in combatting the "Creeping Danger." One such group is the West Cloisterville Chapter for the Preservation of Momism, Cheap Religious Prints, and Fundamentalist Bible-Totin' in our Great America.

Americans have the same feelings for Communist theories that William Jennings Bryan had for Clarence Darrow. They say, "Oh, those poor people." I say, "Physician, heal thyself."

It is pretty safe to say that America is not ignorant of the dangers of Communism, but it *is* ignorant of exactly what democracy is.

Alas, I bow before you all in grief and consternation. It is a fallacy to attack Communism by playing America. The trouble is in each of us and not in the country as a whole. We do not realize what is happening to ourselves. Some tell us we are threatened by a "Godless" state; this is false. Their god is Production Revolution, the God of Total Change. At least most of them know what their God is.

Some people tell us to get scared of it and then to get "fighting mad." Mr. Oswald's first target is a prime example. Others tell us that there is no Red danger, that the Communists are hopelessly bogged down in red tape and agricultural problems. The United States could very well say, "There, but for the grace of I. B. M. and inorganic chemists, go we." And, not so long ago, we were in the same mess.

If we must "get scared," then the thing to be scared of is a country emerging as completely and successfully Marxist. Then, as in the care of Hitler, that country very probably would follow the pre-arranged plan right down the line, and it could end in revolution.

We can say some things with certainty about the situation. No one knows what will happen or can even make a good guess. Whatever the reaction of the world will be toward any more of the pre-chosen "combatants," the most important decisions will be made in Moscow and Washington and maybe Peking. We have much to worry about, and so do they. The only things we have in common are nuclear weapons and a distrust of one another.

Perhaps one concrete step we can make it is send them CARE packages of castor oil. Then we could send the surplus to the United Nations and Capitol Hill. ●

—*Fred Robbins*

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

SEGREGATION And THE BIBLE

Throughout the history of the English-speaking world and before, in fact since the Old Testament was first canonized, the Bible or some portion of it has been a recognized source for the answer to the social and religious problems confronting mankind. In the present furor over segregation, therefore, it is only fitting that the Christian should turn again to this great book for guidance.

Realizing that devotees of both the separatist and the integrationist viewpoints have often quoted passages from the Bible as proof-texts, I have here sought to re-examine the most important passages on the subject, trying conscientiously to discover the essential Biblical message by a process of exegesis.

A cursory glance will reveal that I have relied to a considerable extent on Everett Tilson's book, *Segregation and the Bible,* for information. Mr. Tilson is a competent Biblical scholar and has produced a competent study of the Biblical message on race relations.

In order to show the development of the thought of the Jews on this subject, I begin with Genesis, and continue through the Old Testament writings before considering the more advanced ethical insights of the New Testament writers.

The first passage in our Bible that has been used widely as Biblical proof for the conclusion that segregation is God-ordained is found in Genesis 4:1-17. It concerns the murder of Abel by his brother Cain and the subsequent curse on Cain. Some people have asserted that the mark which the Lord put on Cain was the mark of black skin. If this groundless statement is agreed upon, it is then asserted that this is a basis for separating "whites" and "blacks." Let us examine the evidence in the passage in question.

First, the type of mark which Yahweh put on Cain is not mentioned. The mark could have been leprosy, in which case it would have been sure proof against assault. No one would have dared come near enough to Cain to kill him. Black skin offers no defense against assault at all. Second, "Cain went . . . and dwelt in the land of Nod (wandering), east of Eden." If Eden (assuming that it exists or existed) is anywhere on the continent of Asia, the land of Nod could have been almost anywhere *except* Africa, the home of the Negroes. Most likely the story in its original form was meant to explain the origin of the neighboring peoples and to afford the Israelites some reason for pride in their nomadic origin, the opposite way of life from that of Cain. In any case, the passage clearly cannot be used as a defense for segregation or, for that matter, as a mandate for integration.

Genesis 9:20-27 is probably the most widely cited Biblical defense of segregation. Many of the other passages used hark back to it and are immediately validated or exploded by its witness. It is proper, then, that we should examine it closely as to the way that it has been used and as to its actual content.

Briefly, Noah drank of the wine in his vineyard, became drunk, and fell into a drunken stupor. He was naked. Ham saw him, told his brothers, Shem and Japheth, and they, backing into the tent, covered their father. Noah awoke, probably with a hangover, and cursed Canaan, Ham's son.

Humphrey K. Ezell represents the traditional view quite well. He proclaims that "in this account God has segregated the races." Shem and Japheth are to dwell in tents together; but a curse is placed upon Ham and his descendants. Ezell goes on to say that Africa was given to the descendants of Ham, Southern Asia to the descendants of Shem, and Europe to the descendants of Japheth.

The most obvious objection to this view is that the division simply does not work out in fact. It is impossible to account for the present division of the world in this way. Obviously, for this division to be historical, Shem would have to be recognized as the father of the Mongoloid race, and the Jews would have to be included in this classification. Also, Ham did not even receive the curse; it was one of his

four sons, Canaan (Gen. 9:25). Could Canaan, then, be the father of the Negro race? Not if the Negro race is confined to Africa, because Canaan's descendants dominated the whole land of Palestine until long after the death of Moses. They certainly were not slaves! In fact, W. F. Albright, the prominent Biblical archeologist, says that all known ancient races in the region of the Old Testament world belonged to the Caucasian race, with the exception of the Cushites (Ethiopians).

Perhaps the most telling argument against the use of this passage as a defense of segregation is that we are expected to believe that God would honor and sustain a drunken man's curse given for the most insignificant of reasons. Jack Hudson tries to find a way out of this quandary by suggesting that Ham had an unnatural sexual relation with his father and that the curse was placed upon him for that reason. There has been some speculation that this was the case, stemming from the passage, "and when Noah awoke from his wine, and knew what his younger son had done unto him" he cursed him. For the curse to be effective, the curse would have to be biologically transferable. Ezekiel 18:2-3 and 18:20 explicitly deny that this is true. "The son shall not suffer for the iniquity of the father, nor the father suffer for the iniquity of the son; the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon himself, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon himself."

In summation, it is impossible, considering both the specific passage in its entirety and the message of the prophet Ezekiel, to use Genesis 9:20-27 as an apology for segregation.

Now we come to Genesis 11:1-9, the famous Tower of Babel. God, according to the story, punishes the people for trying to build a tower to the heavens. The method used is to confuse their languages. We may first note that "the people involved in the division of mankind which follows hard on the heels of the destruction of the tower of Babel, from first to last, are all alike the descendants of Shem." Immediately we notice something else; Yahweh confused the *languages,* not the *races.* If we are to take languages and races as synonomous terms and assume with the segregationists that we are not to intermarry with people of other languages, then we are forced to the conclusion that we are to hold ourselves apart from the French, Spanish, Germans, and others clearly of the same race as ours but not speaking the same language. Yahweh punishes the people for attempted integration, all right, but it is for the attempt at the integration of *God* and man that He punishes them, not for the integration of *man* and man. The use of this passage for a defense of segregation is, then, patently absurd.

An attempt has even been made to use the Levitical prohibition against the interbreeding of cattle as grounds for the separation of the races. Before using the reference as a prohibition applying to humans, we might legitimately inquire as to whether or not it was observed in regard to animals. The passage (Leviticus 19:19) mentions cattle, seed, and cloth. We may assume that horses are included with cattle, yet mules are present at the courts of both David and Ahab. In today's world, we find Holstein heifers, Dominique chickens, most people's lawns, hybrid corn, and many other examples of the interbreeding of both plants and animals. If we, then, are not willing to follow the Levitical law with regard to things which it does mention, how can we rationally apply it to human beings, which it definitely does *not* mention?

The involved and thorny problem of Jewish separatism now presents itself. In Deuteronomy 7:1-8, we find an explicit commandment forbidding intermarriage with the various tribes in the area now known as Palestine. Also in Ezra's time a voice sounds on the same note. In Ezra 9:1-3, the people of Israel were intermarrying with the other tribes of Palestine. Ezra was greatly disturbed, and spoke out against intermarriage, telling the people to put away their foreign wives. It was only after the people put away their foreign wives, according to Ezra, that God forgave them (Ezra 10:10-16). From these two passages may be drawn the most rational argument for Biblical sanction of racial segregation possible.

Ezell voices this argument quite well when he says that the establishment of the New Israel is the "fulfillment of prophecy; had the Jews not refused to be amalgamated . . . with other nationalities this restoration . . . would have been impossible." He goes on to proclaim that the "restoration of their national life and many other blessings . . . are dependent upon the maintenance of their racial identity and purity."

The key question, admitting that the Israelites did voice a demand for separation from other peoples, is *why?* Was the separation for reasons of racial purity or for some other reason? If the demand was a racial one, assuming with the Jews that they were a separate race, we have a real problem, for in Deuteronomy 21:10-13 we find provision made for intermarriage with conquered peoples. Yahweh apparently sanctioned at least one interracial marriage, for whom Moses married a Canaanite woman (Num. 12:1-8). Yahweh sided with him against the separatist outcry of Aaron and Miriam against the marriage.

Actually, the parties to or products of interracial marriages read like a roll-call of the great names in the history of Israel. Included in the list are Abraham, Joseph, Moses, David, Solomon, and even Jesus of Nazareth! There are innumerable instances of intermarriage between Hebrews and non-Hebrews to be found in the Old Testament. For example, there are three to be found in Genesis (16:3; 38:2; 41:50), one explicitly mentioned in Exodus (2:21) and possibly many others, one in Levitieus (24:10), one in Numbers (12:1), and many others throughout the Old Testament. If the prohibition is not to be construed as racially inspired, what interpretation are we to give to it? A brief look at

the periods in which the prohibitions are recorded and the circumstances surrounding some of the recorded punishments for intermarriages will offer us a valuable clue.

The insistence on a pure Israel was at a peak at two points in the history of Israel. The first was the period between the Exodus and the Exile, when Israelite Yahwism was threatened seriously by Canaanite Baalism. The experience of Solomon is a fine case-in-point, since it has been used as an illustration of Israelite separatism. We find the passage in I Kings 11:1-13. Here we find exactly what reason Yahweh had for forbidding Solomon to intermarry with people of other tribes. "You shall not enter into marriage with them, neither shall they with you, *for surely they will turn away your heart after their gods*" (emphasis mine). The reason for Solomon's punishment is spelled out even more clearly in 11:9. "And the Lord was angry with Solomon, *because his heart had turned away from the Lord, the God of Israel,* who had appeared to him twice."

The second period, the time of Nehemiah and Ezra, was also a time in which the Yahwistic religion of Israel was threatened from without. Nevertheless, we have in our Bible two explicit protests against the excessive legalism of the prophets, in the form of the books of Jonah and Ruth.

The book of Jonah, whether it is historical or, as is more likely, an extended parable or allegory, is a scathing indictment of the narrow legalism of the prophets of the post-exilic era. Jonah's failings, according to John S. Hoyland, are four. First, he did not see that Yahweh was the lord of all nations. Second, he failed to understand the meaning of God's act of mercy toward Nineveh. Third, he "presumes to arraign God's justice because it does not agree . . . with his own petty vindictiveness." Fourth, Jonah tries to blame God for his own actions.

> The writer has left a picture of the folly and wickedness of racial pride and vindictiveness. He has also set forth clearly the truth that such pride and vindictiveness can only be conquered through the spirit of the loving and universal God of all nations.

The book of Ruth is even more direct in its attack. It reminds the Jews that Obed, the son of Ruth, a Moabite, was the father of Jesse, who in turn begat David, the greatest king in Israel's history. The implied question raised by the author of Ruth is the following: "If David had foreign blood in him, why should you be passing laws and issuing decrees to keep it out of your children?" Why indeed?

We see, then, that the only legitimate type of segregation, according to the Old Testament, is separation from other religions, which tended to defile the essential Yahweh-worship of the Jews. Under the stress of threats to their religion, this prohibition was expanded by some to include tribal intermarriage, but only under great protest by the authors of Ruth and Jonah.

Indeed, the Israelites were commanded by Yahweh to treat the resident alien as one of themselves (Lev. 19:33-34), which is a far cry from the racial segregation that some try to draw out of the Biblical narrative to support their preconceived viewpoints.

The highest point in the religion of the Old Testament is reached by the author of Isaiah 40-55. Here we find an implicit if not an explicit monotheism, and with this monotheism a high point in the concept of brotherhood. Any man, according to the author of this book, who accepts the reality of Yahweh, who loves Him, and keeps His commandments, is in turn loved by Yahweh. I end my consideration of the Old Testament with Isaiah 56:3, 6-8.

> Let not the foreigner who has joined himself to the Lord say,
> "The Lord will surely separate me from his people"; . . .
>
> "And the foreigners who join themselves to the Lord,
> to minister to him, to love the name of the Lord,
> and to be his servants,
> every one who keeps the sabbath, and does not profane it,
> and holds fast my covenant—
> these I will bring to my holy mountain,
> and make them joyful in my house of prayer;
> their burnt offerings and their sacrifices will be accepted on my altar;
> for *my house shall be called a house of prayer*
> *for all peoples.*
> Thus says the Lord God,
> *who gathers the outcasts of Israel,*
> I will gather yet others to him
> besides those already gathered."
>
> (Emphasis mine.—RSV)

By the time the New Testament was written, Jewish exclusiveness had solidified to such an extent that the Pharisees condemned not only Gentiles and aliens, but even Jews who for reasons of ignorance or disinterest did not keep the particulars of the ceremonial law. Tax collectors, both because they were the agents of Rome and because they habitually cheated the taxpayers, charging whatever the traffic would bear and pocketing any excess that they received, and Samaritans, because of the fact that they were an amalgamated people and because their religious observances were different from those of the orthodox Jews, were treated with utmost contempt by orthodox Jews. The moral and social level of the Samaritans was probably a bit lower than that of the Jews, also. Thus, we have an opportunity to see how Jesus and the early Christian Church handled the problem of race relations with a despised minority group, as well as with the outcast Jews. In the time of Paul's missions, we also have a problem as to the policy to be taken with regard to Greek converts to Christianity. Should they be forced to submit to the Jewish ceremonial law especially circumcision, or not? All these questions have relevance to today's situation, for in these problems we find the closest approximation to our present-day situation to be found in the Bible, even though Negroes as such have nothing to do with any of the Biblical uproar.

To begin, we might take up the matter of the genealogy of Jesus himself. Ezell says that "the noble heritage of Mary the mother of Christ could not have been achieved without racial segregation in marriage." In fact, as we have seen, the genealogy of Jesus is

shot through and through with intermarriages. The most significant of these, because of the alleged cursing of Canaan, is Rachab or Rahab, a Canaanite woman (Matt. 1:5; Joshua 2:1ff). There is simply no basis for Ezell's statement! We note also that after the birth of Jesus, Mary and Joseph take refuge in Egypt, a Hamitic country according to Genesis.

How did Jesus look upon tax collectors and sinners? Luke 5:27-32 offers us one instance in which Jesus not only ate with one of the despised tax collectors, but also called him to follow. "And Levi made him a great feast in his house; and there was a large company of tax collectors and others sitting at table with them" (Luke 5:29). Naturally, the Pharisees protested, whereupon Jesus answered them saying, "I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Again in Chapter 19 of Luke we find Jesus eating with a tax collector, and in the process redeeming him. The Pharisees, of course, were scandalized at this type of behavior, and used it against Him. In one such instance, found in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, Jesus answered with the parable of the prodigal son, showing without doubt that no man can sin enough to be disowned by God. He may wander astray, in which case he must come back himself, but he can never separate himself from the love of God.

Instead of shunning the sinner, then, Jesus confronted him with His concern and love, scandalizing the haughty, self-righteous Pharisees.

Much has been made of a single passage in Matthew, Chapter 10, verses 5-6, in which Jesus instructs His disciples to go only to the "lost sheep of Israel." The Gentiles and Samaritans are explicitly excluded from the commission. Why? The reason probably lies in the fact that the disciples were not yet ready for the trials of a Gentile mission. In any case, the passage should be seen in the light of the rest of Matthew and the other gospels.

Another clue to the passage is found in Matthew 15:22-25 and also Mark 7:24-30. Here the impression is given that before this time Jesus had not recognized the possibility of a Gentile mission. The argument has much to recommend it and merits careful consideration.

Luke and John both record instances in which Jesus singles out Samaritans for praise. The most famous of these is the parable of the good Samaritan (Luke 10:20-37). In John, He refuses to condemn the Samaritan harlot, better known as the woman at the well, and instead converts her (4:1-42).

The healing of the centurion's servant (Matt. 8:5-10, 13) is another example of Jesus' concern for the outcast of Jewish society. A Roman centurion was scorned by the Jews as an animal. They hated and feared the Romans. Yet Jesus here proclaims that "many will come from east and west and sit at table with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the Kingdom of heaven," while the Jews will be thrown into outer darkness (Matt. 8:11).

It is impossible to conclude from a study of the text that Jesus advocated or permitted discrimination against the "outcast" of Jewish society. The only people who consistently felt the sting of His lash were the self-righteous scribes and Pharisees. The Kingdom of God, as Jesus saw it, was for the poor and humble in spirit, for those who *lived* right, not those who were *born* right. It was for those men who put human kindness and reconciliation ahead of legalistic observance, and for those who could even love their enemies (Matt. 5:3-48).

The essential message of Jesus is summed up in the words of the Great Commission.

> Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age.

The early Church, building upon the witness of Christ, had to decide whether to remain a Jewish sect, though hated, or to become separate by throwing away the Jewish law. Believing that they were commissioned to be "my witnesses in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and to the end of the earth" (Acts 1:8), the apostles carried on His work. Acts, almost as if to underscore the fact that the Gospel shows no respect for persons or races, records the conversion of three men, each one from a different great division of mankind. In Chapter 8, the Ethiopian eunuch (a descendant of Ham) is converted. In Chapter 9 the convert is Saul of Tarsus, a Jew. Cornelius, a Gentile, is converted in Chapter 10.

In the early Church, there was a recurring question as to whether the Gentiles should have to submit to the ceremonial Jewish law, as has been mentioned. The question threatened to split the Church, but after an ill-fated attempt at compromise (Acts 15:24-29), the liberal, or anti-circumcision party, won out (Gal. 2:1-10).

Other battles against discrimination had to be fought, however. The widows of the Hellenists complained bitterly against discrimination against them in the giving of alms. After due consideration, it was necessary to appoint seven deacons to deal with the problem, lest this discrimination continue.

There was a budding problem of discrimination along economic lines, we find in the book of James. In Chapter 2 the author delivers a scathing attack against those who would give privileges to the wealthy.

Did, then, the New Testament Church discriminate between Jew and Gentile? No, if we are to take the witness of Acts; Romans 2:17 and 11-13, Galatians 3:27-38, Ephesians 2:11-14, and Colossians 3:9-11 also witness to this fact. "Here there cannot be Greek and Jew, circumcised and uncircumcised, barbarian, Scythian, slave, free man, but Christ is all, and in all."

There is only one book in the New Testament which deals explicitly with a runaway slave. That book, of course, is Philemon. Paul, during one of his numerous imprisonments, has come in contact with Onesimus, a runaway slave. Paul writes a letter to Philemon, evidently the leader of a church, asking

him to take his slave back, "no longer as a slave, but more than a slave, as a beloved brother, . . . both in the flesh and in the Lord" (verse 16). Much ink has flowed over the quoted passage, trying to use it for one side or the other in the present racial question. It seems clear to me that Paul is asking Philemon to free Onesimus and to take him in as a brother. This may be an isolated instance, for Paul never says anything about a general condemnation of slavery. We do not even know whether or not Philemon granted the request. Yet the passage stands. Paul asks Philemon to free Onesimus, and the reason is most likely that Onesimus has become a Christian. Even a Gentile slave is worthy of becoming a brother of all of us in Christ.

There is one other passage in the New Testament which needs individual treatment. That passage is II Corinthians 6:14-18. Here we find an explicit injunction against marriage with unbelievers. Paul elsewhere, however, advises against divorce if one is already married. The message is simple here; it is best to marry someone of your own religion, not someone with whom you have little in common. It certainly does not apply to any race as a whole and cannot be used in this way. T. B. Mastion sums up the correct view of this passage when he says that "the prohibitions concerning mixed marriages in the Bible might be used to argue against the marriage of a Christian and a non-Christian, but they cannot legitimately be used to support arguments against racial intermarriage."

In conclusion, though there may be sociological, psychological, and economic reasons for racial segregation, the Bible nowhere offers a religious reason for such and cannot legitimately be used as a defense for it. In the Bible, all men are clearly seen as brothers under the fatherhood of God. The central message is seen clearly in the great commandment of Jesus to love God and "your neighbor as yourself," with neighbor defined as any and every member of the human race. ●

—Wiley B. Cooper

Old Town

Riding through shadows of unpainted tenant houses
On a sunny day, in a new Chevrolet
With the gentle curls of smoke blowing
Back where black children play in muddy clay
And a father puffing strongly on a new cigar
Talks of new roads and superhighways
And the frail white children rumble down
The broken sidewalk on roller skates;
Oh! Christ. Such a wonderful town!
Such character! They never change a thing.

—Kent Bishop

Poem

Oh God, if only I could be a child again
And on a sunny day
Go to St. Michael's to pray;
Hear the bells cut through the morning dew
And sit with Sally in that ancient pew;
Watch sails glitter in the bay
Or go to the river for the day.

—Kent Bishop

BOB DYLAN

Anyone whose interest in the current folk-music panic runs deeper than the saccharine sounds of the campus trios or the superficial adulation of Joan Baez is familiar with the name and work, if not the voice, of Bob Dylan. His compositions, "Blowing in the Wind" and "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right," are familiar to those who don't even now what a protest song is; his impact on the folk-song world is the most significant since the appearance of Baez.

Dylan could be considered a contemporary Robert Burns in that he creates his own material in the folk idiom and interprets traditional songs in his own manner. Also, like Burns, he is not quite the uneducated rural genius he appears to be. His formal education went as far as a year at the University of Minnesota (on scholarship), whereupon he deliberately dropped out of school. He selected the name Dylan in admiration for Dylan Thomas.

Described by the *Little Sandy Review* as " . . . our first contemporary song writer . . . no one else even comes close . . . ," Dylan produces dozens of songs

on topics ranging from such traditional themes as unrequited love and the remembrance of old friendships to bitter songs upon war and (inevitably) freedom songs.

Some of these songs are necessarily better than others; some are simply bad. Nevertheless, one quality is inherent in all of his works—sincerity of personal feeling and belief. Dylan's own life and comments upon his work indicate the sincerity of his expressions.

A good example of the depth in Dylan's work is "Bob Dylan's Dream," a lengthy ballad in which he remembers the happiness of friendships that have evaporated since each friend has taken a different road as he grows older:

While riding on a train going West,
I fell asleep for to take my rest;
I dreamed a dream that made me sad,
Concerning myself and the first few friends I had.

With hungry hearts through heat and cold,
We never much thought we could get very old;
We thought we could sit forever in fun
When really our chances was a million to one.

Now many a year has passed and gone;
Many a gamble has been lost and won;
And many a road taken by many a first friend,
And each one I've never seen again.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
That we could sit simply in that room again;
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat;
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that.

The first stanza is the ballad-style introduction, placing the rest of the song within Dylan's memory. The next two indicate the naive idealism of the group and, more important, the love that existed in the circle of friends. The last stanza is Dylan's own nostalgia and intense desire to experience the friendships again.

Dylan undoubtedly drew from personal experiences in composing this song. Before he was nineteen, he had moved six times. Each time he left a home, he left behind friends; he was well acquainted with the feeling of leaving people he would not see again.

In the tradition of the historical folksinger, Dylan creates broadsides—commentaries in song upon contemporary happenings. Dylan's broadsides can be vehement or subtly caustic but like his other works, they contain genuine concern. Dylan's "Oxford Town" is a humorous, ironic treatment of the story of James Meridith, but it ably gets its point across:

Oxford town, Oxford town,
Everybody's got their head bowed down.
Sun don't shine above the ground,
We're going down to Oxford town.

He went down to Oxford town,
Guns and clubs followed him down;
All because his face was brown,
Better get away from Oxford town.

Oxford town, around the bend,
Come to the door, I couldn't get in,
All because of the color of my skin,
What d'ye think about that, my friend?

Me and my gal, my gal's son,
We got met with a tear gas bomb;
I don't even know why we come,
Going back to where we come from.

Oxford town in the afternoon;
Someone's singing a soft little tune;
Two men died 'neath the Mississippi moon;
Somebody better investigate soon.

Dylan is too quick to let his emotional fervor get the best of his songs. In the long "Masters of War," Dylan's anger at warmongers reaches a point where his expression is coarse and embarrassing:

Come you masters of war;
You that build the big guns;
You that build the death planes;
You that build all the bombs;
You that hide behind walls;
You that hide behind desks;
I just want you to know I can see through your masks.

You that never done nothing
But build to destroy,
You play with my world
Like your little toy.
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes;
Then you turn and run farther when the fast bullet flies.

And I hope that you die
And your death will come soon.
I'll follow your casket
On a cold afternoon.
I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your death bed
And I'll stand over your grave until I'm sure that you're dead.

The lines are stilted and saturated with cliches, the images and symbols presented are crude, and the portion of the song not printed here is even worse than the above. Dylan says of the composition, "I don't sing songs which hope people will die, but I couldn't help it in this one. The song is a sort of striking out, a reaction to the last straw . . . "

Bob Dylan's most confusing statement is "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall," a cryptic song of the evils and injustices of the world. Like William Blake, Dylan's symbols are so intensely personal, the reader or listener can get only an intimation of the meaning of the words:

"Oh where have you been, my blue-eyed son,
And where have you been my darling young one?"
"I've stumbled alongside of twelve misty mountains;
I've walked and I've crawled along six crooked highways;
I've stepped in the meadow of seven sad forests;
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans;
I've been ten thousand miles in the miles of a graveyard,

And It's a hard . . .
It's a hard . . .
It's a hard . . .
It's a hard . . .
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall."

"And what did you see, my blue-eyed son,
And what did you see, my darling young one?"

"I saw a newborn baby with wild woes all around it;
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it;
I saw a black branch with blood that kept dripping;
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleeding;
I saw a white ladder all covered with water;
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken;

I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children,

And It's a hard . . . etc."

"And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son,
And what did you hear, my darling young one?"
"I heard the sound of a thunder that roared out a warning;
I heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world;

I heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-bleeding;
I heard one person starve, I heard many people laughing;
I heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter;
I heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley.

And It's a hard . . ."

And so on for another half hour.

In spite of such excesses as evidenced by the last two examples, Dylan is capable of producing the disciplined idealism of "Blowing in the Wind," and the quiet power of understatement in "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right."

Bob Dylan's poetry can sometimes be considered more poetic prose than genuine poetic form. The following is an example of his style:

> One reason why I could never be a cop in this system under all systems is that the person I'd be bustin' would be committin' crimes that ain't on any books yet—crimes that ain't on any records yet—that nobody's got any laws for yet—

The only definition of poetry that this fits is Dylan's own: "Anything I can sing, I call a song. Anything I can't sing, I call a poem. Anything I can't sing or anything that's too long to be a poem, I call a novel."

Despite this lack of maturity of style and expression (Dylan is twenty-two), his works are important to those who know them because of the genuinely honest and frank nature of Dylan and his works. As Bob Dylan himself has said, "All I'm doing is saying what's on my mind the best way I know how. And whatever else you may say about me, everything I do and everything I sing and write comes out of ME." ●

—*Preston Woodruff*

sonnet entitled children of the rain

sonnet entitled children of the rain
E eager as only C child's children
R in dreams of B bronzed F faces vain
with S summer's G green B brittle grin.
T they talk of M many T they things
H hours long in a big wide Y yard
smelling R roses B butterfly wings
played on all today until an H hard
A N D hand left how white dust on it.
and now indoors go H hungry W wet
G glassed-in window watchers to me sit
and watch a world R rainbow alone get
all C cleanly W washed down a D drain.
S sonnet called C children of this rain.

—Harold A. Lawrence

Postscript

I glanced between the ruin
Of a silver winter's snow,
Running ever onward
In a crystal whispered flow
Down this mystic hope of mine.
I'll perish in the afterthought.

—Harold A. Lawrence

Do Not Love The Squirrels

My freshman year was maladjusted as hell! I swear it was. I wasn't maladjusted myself or anything like that, but I mean the whole damn world was goofy. Yeah, I know what yer thinkin'. Yer thinkin' it's me what was all screwed up 'cause I ain't "found myself" yet. But crust! That was the vogue an' all to ain't found yerself an' be a existentialist or atheist or somethin'. So I was a ain't found myself yetter an' everything was still screwy. I swear it was.

I got off to a lousy start in the first place. I didn't have no money. My old man was a poor dentist. He used to have a lot of money an' two cars an' three bathrooms with wall to wall mirrors an' ulcers an' all that good stuff. But 'bout the time I was ten he started fillin' 32% fewer cavities.

I thought I weren't gonna get to go to college for a while there 'cause I didn't have no money you know an' was kind of stupid, but I finally got into one of them small leftist ones 'cause once my old man went to a homecoming and shook hands with the president. Boy, was that a goofy college! There were eighty-seven dormitories, one classroom, an' an old privy out back where they kept a bunch of books.

Before I could become a part of the college an' all, the first two weeks I had to be a S. O. B. It weren't too bad though 'cause I didn't have to do nothin'. I did have to go an' see some of the fellers try an' play football or something. I had to like it, an' really did I guess, 'cept that the field was all brown 'cause everybody else in town used it.

Nobody liked me, but that was just 'cause of my environment an' I didn't know nobody. Anytime I told somebody where I was from, they always hollered something stupid like, "Do you know Melvin Fripster? How 'bout Vivian Priss?" What the hell difference does it make? But I never knew nobody an' was ostracised or something.

I never joined a fraternity or nothin'. Not that I didn't believe in them, but they just didn't believe in me. I hadn't served the college community pretty good so I think they voted to keep me out. I'd of joined one if they'd of let me. I could of got the money by being a spy.

I didn't drink or cuss then an' felt insecure as hell. I used to keep a bottle of whiskey in my closet so when the Dean of Students hollered, "How many of you men have a bottle of whiskey in your closet?" I could lie an' smirk an' not raise my hand like the other fellers. But still everybody hated me. Once I put soap in the air conditioner an' washed all the paint off every damn wall in the dormitory. I told everybody I did it an' got caught. The Dean of Students asked me why I done it an' I said, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." But all he did was say I was a Man for confessing an' made me a example for everybody else. He sure didn't want me to have no friends. I swear he didn't.

I used to smoke a pipe for a while, but everybody laughed at me an' called me chicken 'cause I was afraid to smoke cigarettes an' get cancer. I sure couldn't have no fun in college. I even got polled an' found I was one of the 20% who didn't do it before graduation. I didn't even go on pantie raids 'cause I thought it was stealing an' was chicken. I swear, I thought I was a pretty good feller. I was the only one on our hall who answered the telephone an' I liked the food in the lunchroom, once they let me in, an' never wrote no letters to the editor 'bout chapel programs 'cause I liked them too. But hell, I didn't know no better an' it weren't my fault. It's just that nobody liked me. I swear they didn't.

'Bout the only friends I had were the squirrels. They were all over the place but never hurt nobody. I got to be real close to them an' watched them play an' never felt depressed 'cause I could talk to them an' they wouldn't tell nobody. I swear I liked them squirrels. Then they shot them. I guess one of the little fellers was out lookin' for nuts an' bit a English professor.

I'm kind of glad I went to college though. I learned lots of good stuff like Maria Theresa always was pregnant. All you got to know about history is that anytime anybody fought a war or was revolting or something, Maria Theresa was pregnant. That's all you got to know an' you got it licked. I swear it is.

They tried to get me to read a lot

of books an' stuff 'cause they said it would stimulate me or something. I had to get seventy-six extra books for English. I had to buy them at the college bookstore 'cause the library didn't have them 'cause they had a lot of sex an' cuss words in them an' the drugstore wouldn't sell them. I think I had to read *Lord of the Flies* an' *Catcher in the Rye* a couple of hundred times 'cause they were supposed to give me insights or something. Once I wrote a theme for history on *Fanny Hill* 'cause it showed life of people in England. They liked you to do things like that. I swear they did.

When I wasn't being hated, I used to hang around the canteen drinking coffee or something. The canteen used to be called a silly name so they changed it to the Collegiate Refreshment Association Parlor. We just called it C.R.A.P. for short though. I used to have a pretty damn good time just goofin' off there listening to the Cockroaches (they were a girl singing group from England who were discovered an' came to America an' made a lot of money 'cause they didn't have no hair an' couldn't sing) on the radio, until they stole the post office so I couldn't get no more letters anymore. They started hating me again so I didn't hang around there no more, 'cept to get change for the washing machine.

When it was too late to chicken out, they raised the tuition so they could build another damn dormitory. Every time they built one it kept falling apart an' the bathrooms leaked. I think they kept building them just so they could get more Freshman to not let have cars just for the hell of it. They got kicks out of doing things like that. I swear they did.

When I pay the government back all that money they Indian-give me to get through that place an' get to be a old man an' have a will an' all, I ain't go give nothin' to that damn college. As soon as I was dead, they'd take my money an' build a new dormitory. I swear they would. ●

—*A. Merrill Williams*

DIAMOND EYE

I never saw a windmill.
I never saw one crave
To bend its wooden soul—
Or did I?

I never saw it catch a compass point.
What a turn the difference makes.

I never saw a pale moon
or a wishing well
or a shooting star
or a twinkle of disaster.

I should not like to see.

—Harold A. Lawrence

DAWN'S BROKEN CORD

The jury filed into the courtroom. The day was hot and the courtroom was crowded with sweating spectators.

As soon as the last of the jurors had stepped into the box the bailiff called out, "All stand."

A door opened at the back of the courtroom and the judge walked to his desk and sat down. The judge waited a few minutes as the spectators shuffled around in an attempt to find a soft spot on the courtroom benches.

"The Third District Court, Branto County, is now in session." As he spoke the judge rapped his gavel on the desk. Turning to the jury he said, "Mr. Foreman, has the jury reached a verdict?"

The foreman, a teller in the local bank, seemed confused at first; he finally cleared his throat and stood, "Yes, we have, Your Honor."

The judge looked at the defendant, a young boy, not over sixteen years old. "The defendant will rise and face the jury."

The boy's face showed no emotion as he slowly rose to his feet and then turned to face the jury.

The foreman pulled a large handkerchief from his pocket and mopped the sweat from his face. "We think . . ." The foreman stopped and licked his lips. "I mean, we the jury find the defendant, William Rogers Slone, guilty of murder."

"So say you all?" asked the judge in a bored tone.

The foreman turned and looked at the rest of the jury and they nodded their heads one by one. With one last quick look at the judge the foreman took his seat.

The judge stared at the desk for a moment then he looked up at the still standing boy. "William Rogers Slone, you are accused of shooting and killing the Rev. Loyd A. Hodge on the night of the second of May, 1869. You have been tried and found guilty. Have you anything to say before I pass sentence upon you?"

The boy shook his head slightly.

"Very well then." The judge quickly looked at a paper before him. "I might be inclined to sentence you to life imprisonment if this were the first time you had become drunk and started shooting at people. You were brought before me once before when you had killed a horse. This time you have killed a man!" The judge paused. "William Rogers Slone, it is the judgment of this court that one week from today, at sunrise, you shall be taken to a designated place and that you shall then be hung by the neck till you are dead, Dead, DEAD." Then almost in a whisper the judge said, "And may God have mercy on your soul." As the boy sat back down the judge rapped his gavel. "The jury is dismissed, and this court is adjourned."

The spectors stood as the judge left the courtroom; then they began to leave the room. No one seemed to notice when the marshal tapped the boy on the shoulder and led him from the courtroom to the jail.

The rays of the late afternoon sun slanted down on the bunk where William Slone lay.

"William," the marshal called as he opened the door to the cell area.

William rolled from the bed and pressed up to the bars to watch the marshal come through the outside door. "Yes sir?"

The marshal tried to smile as he came to the cell door. "You have a visitor, William; you don't have to see him if you don't want to, you know."

William smiled, "I guess if he went to all the trouble of coming to see me the least I can do is see him. Who is it?"

The marshal lowered his eyes as he spoke, "The deacon of the church."

The deacon came through the outside door and walked into the cell. He was a small bird-like man, who always received the hard jobs of the church, for the members knew they could bully him into doing anything by himself.

The marshal closed the cell and locked it. "I know you won't run away William, but I can't let you out of the cell to see the deacon; it's against the rules."

The deacon began playing with his hat; it was obvious that he didn't know just what he should do.

William sat on the cot and motioned to the single chair in the cell, "Have a seat. Now, why did you come to see

me."

The deacon started to say something several times but each time he stopped. He finally blurted out, "The other members felt that even if you had killed the pastor the only decent thing to do was to send someone to pray with you. Seeing as how tomorrow is the day the judge set we thought you might want another person beside you in the last few hours." The deacon stopped and intently seached the boy's face for some indication of just what he did not know.

William got off the cot and paced to the cell window. He stared outside for a moment then turned. "I figure I've already done all the praying that can be done, deacon. It's funny, I'm almost anxious for tomorrow to come so I can find out what it feels like." He turned and looked out the window.

"William, your parents also asked me if you still don't want them to come and see you."

William looked at the deacon quickly. "I don't want them here," he said decisively. "Mother would cry the entire time, and father would start to tell me what a waste my life has been before he realized that I won't have a life to waste after tomorrow."

The deacon nodded slowly, "Whatever you wish." He sat in silence for a while; then finally he asked, "William, are you ready to die? Are you sure that you have done all you can do to save your soul."

William sighed heavily, "Deacon, I don't want you to think I have lost my religious feeling, but I just don't feel like being saved right now. Besides, I figure that's a matter between him and me."

"Well then, would you like for me to pray with you?" asked the deacon.

"No, deacon, I just feel like thinking now; I'm glad that you were nice enough to come and see me; but I'm sure you've done what you should, and I'd appreciate it if you'd go ahead and leave. I don't want to talk right now."

The deacon appeared relieved when William asked him to leave, but he asked again to be sure, "Well, I'll go if you want me to but if you think you might want me to stay I will."

"I'll be seeing you, deacon." William regretted what he had said immediately, but the words didn't matter; the deacon probably didn't realize that William stood a good chance of not seeing him again.

The marshal came and unlocked the cell. "I'll bring your supper in a little while, William. Is there anything special you'd like?"

William smiled half-heartedly. "No thanks, marshal, I don't feel like anything special tonight."

The rays of the early morning sun warmed the doctor and blacksmith.

"You know, Bill," said the doctor, "I hate this, it doesn't prove anything to kill William; he didn't know what he was doing."

"Yeah, but you can't let him go around killing people, Doc." The blacksmith was testing a rope as he talked. "I don't like the thought of killing the kid but if we put him in jail he'll get out sooner or later when some soft-hearted old lady talked someone into giving him a parole. Then what if he kills again. I say better to use the method you got until something better comes along."

"You're probably right," said the doctor.

The blacksmith gave the rope a final jerk. "This is good rope, it will do the job." He coiled the rope easily, then walked over to the scaffold, and helped the executioner tie the rope into place.

By the time of the execution a small group of townspeople had assembled to watch the hanging. They waited silently for about five minutes. Then the jail door opened, and the marshal came out with William walking beside him. In a moment they reached the scaffold. William stopped to look for a moment. Then he climbed up the steps. The executioner moved William to the trap door and tied the boy's hands. Next he deftly slipped the noose around William's neck. In what seemed like moments all was ready. The executioner stepped back, and William stood alone on the scaffold.

The executioner stepped to the release and pulled it down. There was a snap as the trap door jumped open, William's body jerked downward, and there was a sudden loud crack as the rope broke. William fell to the ground and lay there in a crumpled heap.

The doctor was the first to move. He ran to the boy and turned the body over.

The blacksmith suddenly appeared at his side. "Is he alive? Oh, he's dead ain't he, Doc? I guess the rope got him before it broke." The blacksmith picked up the frayed end of the rope still around William's neck. "I checked this rope real good. It could have held a horse, and yet it snapped when William fell."

The doctor looked up from the body he had been examining. "You're wrong about one thing, Bill. The rope didn't kill William. If you'll look he doesn't have a mark on him; the fall killed him. You know, that's unusual, a fall like that wouldn't even break a leg normally."

"I wonder, you said something about this not being right," the blacksmith said as he brushed the broken end of the rope across his hand.

"This was probably just a freak accident," the doctor said as he leaned down.

"No doubt about it," said the blacksmith, "just one of those freak accidents that happen."

The doctor nodded. "I just hope something like this doesn't happen again. Now I've got to file a report about this hanging at the state capital. Seems like William could have at least died without leaving trouble behind."

The corpse was hurriedly wrapped up and taken to the town mortuary. The small group of townspeople went home to eat breakfast and the marshal invited the blacksmith and doctor to his office for coffee. The street was soon deserted. In the middle stood the scaffold, with the broken cord still tied fast. A sudden gust of wind caught the rope, and it began to sway back and forth as dawn slowly gave way to morning. ●

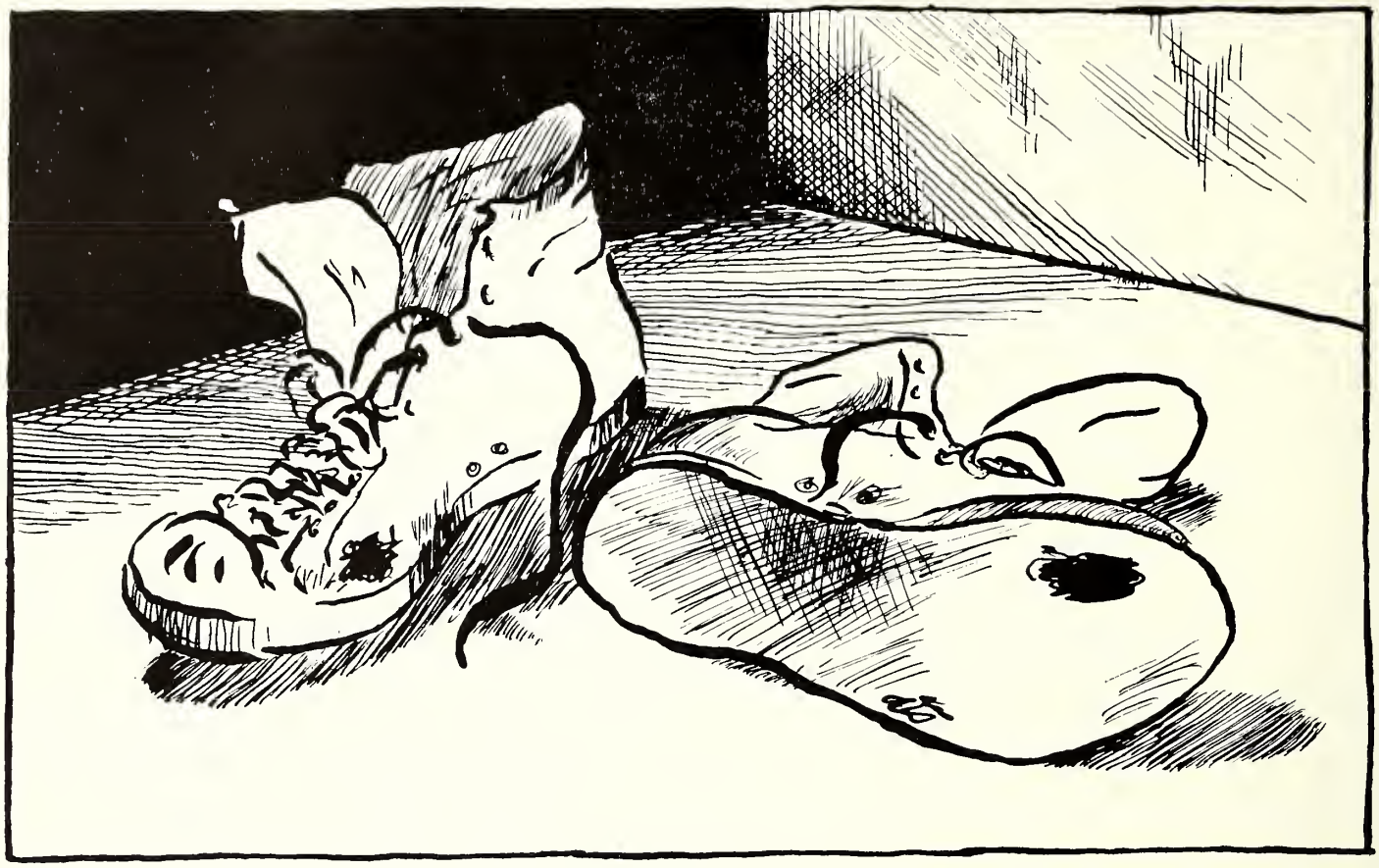
—Charles Thompson

MAGNUS MARTYR

"God is dead," cried Nietzsche.
If so, the churches have killed him.
"Who are you? Where is your brother Abel?"
They have nailed It up in a little box
And go about saving souls
To inherit the Kingdom.
The Law breaks out,
And the Pharisees, with their formulated phrases,
Nail up college doors
And hang the sinners.
Blue pencils and blue laws
From the blue bloods.
While the red blood coagulates.
The rock is sinking.
"You must not do that."
Up from the grave the Word rises.
"Do you love me?"
In the beginning was the Word.
(Am Anfang war das Wort.)
Who is that God's walking with?
A little closer, please Jesus.
Talk to those real Christians.
They talk to you about His wonder-working power
(All the time: their unpainted women
Standing under street-lamps, books in hand.)
And quote Scripture and silly little rhymes.

Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani.
Gott liebt.
"Hey, somebody got the answer yit?"
It's there: right where it has been all along.
Only the somber have kept it covered.
Le bon Dieu aime tout le monde.
"Let us go forth from this time and place"
And tell the world:
The god of the righteous is dead.

—Douglas Atkins



DEATH OF A SAMMY

The boy, dressed in jeans and a T shirt, walked down the center of the little road which led to the woods. His hair was the color of sand, and it hung haphazardly across his forehead. Watching either side of the beginning forest with his blue eyes, he stepped cautiously.

He stopped every few steps and looked sharply to the left. Clumps of trees growing along the road were silent and barren. They began to form a single, unbroken wall. He came upon a little path, almost hidden by tall weeds. He turned into it quickly and ran.

Leaving the road he was submerged in a soft twilight as the trees' branches blotted out the sun overhead. Long shadows seemed to creep here and there among the massive trunks. Clusters of weeds rushed past him; at last they started to disappear, leaving a dark flooring of dead leaves and twigs.

He stopped beside an oak that stretched up and out into a giant umbrella. Kneeling, he crawled a few feet; then, holding his breath, he strained his ears.

"There's something up ahead of me," he whispered, ". . . sounds like a big bear . . ." He crawled a little farther, his head close to the ground.

"It is a bear . . . I can smell him. Prob'ly about thirty yards up ahead . . .

I'd better get Joey."

He stood and walked as quietly as possible back to the big oak. Leaning forward he called up into the branches in a loud whisper:

"Joey . . . Joey. . . . Joey, where are you?" He waited a few moments and then suddenly turned around.

"Oh, there you are. I've been looking for you. Where have you been? You were supposed to meet me at the road!"

Lowering his voice to a whisper again he continued, "Oh, never mind . . . Did you bring the gun? Well, make sure it's loaded. We're hunting a bear this time. I smelled his tracks over there.

"I'll let you carry the gun, today. You can have all the shots. I got a cat last week, remember? . . . Now listen. Here's what we're going to do: We'll stay together because there's only one gun. One of us could get killed if we weren't together. . . . We'll circle around to the right of him and head him off down by the creek, okay?"

He started off to the right of his original direction and was careful to avoid cracking any twigs.

"We've got to stay as quiet as possible —bears have got real good ears, you know. They can hear anything—so keep quiet."

He continued on. Once in a while he looked over his shoulder to whisper a reprimand. He grinned and said, "This sure is fun, isn't it?" Suddenly he stopped and jumped quickly behind a tree. "I saw him!" he said excitedly. "He's about twenty yards to the left—see him?" He crouched and remained still for a few moments, hardly breathing.

"Look and see if he's still there . . . Okay, now listen—lay down behind this tree as quiet as you can . . . shhh—be quiet!" He edged his head around the tree and peered down into a small hollow.

"Okay, now take a good aim . . . that's it . . . You see—bears always eat pine cones. You didn't believe me, did you? They always do—especially when they can't reach the leaves on trees. I've watched them a lot of times . . . Joey, you're aiming in the wrong place! Always aim at the ears. The only way to kill them is to hit them in the head. A bear'll almost never die if you shoot him in the body." His foot slipped, rattling a tiny twig. Shrinking behind the tree, he said, "Stay where you are!

". . . He probably can't see you—bears have lousy eyesight and they can't smell too good but they can hear anything . . . Aim slower this time . . . You ready? All right now. Take a deep breath and let it out easy—that's it—when you don't have any left, pull the trigger . . . squeeze hard—Hooray!"

He shouted, "Hooray! You got him! He's dead as a doornail! You got him!"

"Jerry, what in the devil are you doing?"

He whirled around, startled. Standing in a harsh ray of light were two boys from his school.

"Nothing," he said quickly. His ears were already red.

"What do you mean—'nothing'—you was talking to somebody," the redhead declared. He stood there with his face burning and stared at them. What could he say? The shorter one with unruly brown hair turned to his companion with a grin, "He was talking to *Joey*."

"Oh," they both laughed.

The boy's face darkened to a deeper huc as he blurted, "It's none of your business, Freddy! I came down in the woods to—for a walk, that's all. Anyway, it's none of your darn business."

The redhead smirked; "Tell us what Joey got," he said, and the two laughed louder than ever.

He turned and ran, rushing through the dim forest which had somehow lost its magic. He reached the path and hurried over it, coming to the road at last. Now he slowed to a walk, breathing heavily.

"It's none of their business," he said after a while. The heat in his face remained as he walked on.

"Why can't they just leave me alone." It seemed to him that they had had no right to discover him then. They were out of place there, anyway, he thought; they did not belong. Everything had been all right until they had appeared and ruined it. He never bothered them whenever they were hunting birds with their air rifles. Just because he never cared to do any of the things other boys his age did was no reason for their mocking him. He walked across the red clay road until he came to the pavement. There he turned left and walked slowly up the narrow street.

What did it matter if they thought it was kid stuff—he didn't care! Joey was his best friend. No matter when he came, Joey would always understand. He reached the top of the hill and plodded wearily toward his house two doors away. The sun had been down only a few moments, and now twilight had begun to spread a thick gloom throughout the air. He stopped at the curb, carefully scraping his shoes to be sure no dirt clung to them.

"Why don't they just leave me alone?" he said.

He opened the door and stepped inside. His mother, from another room heard the door slide shut and called, "Hello, Jerry."

"Hi, Mom," he said, small-voiced. He shuffled into the kitchen. His mother looked up from the electric range and noticed his sad face.

"What's wrong, Jerry? You look like your best friend just died," she said.

"Nothing," he said, glancing up at her.

"Well, go get washed up. Your father'll be coming home to supper any minute."

"I'm not hungry, Mom. I think I'll just go ahead and watch T. V." She walked over to him, glancing at his face.

"Are you sure you feel all right?" she asked, placing her palm against his forehead in the universal household examination manner.

"Yes'm."

"Well . . . just remember: if you don't eat now, you don't eat. How much homework do you have tonight?"

"Mrs. Dennis assigned us a chapter for tonight but I read it in science class," he answered.

"Jerry, you're supposed to listen in there. No wonder you don't make better grades in science."

"Aww, Mr. Fox was just explaining clouds again today—he did that twice already. Besides, I took notes on it the first time."

"Never mind. Go on into the living room. I've got to cook the squash before your father gets home."

He went into the living room and picked up the paper. He leafed through it until he came to the comic-strip section. He scanned each of the cartoons, but today all of the characters seemed stale and lifeless. Finally he turned the page and looked down at the television programs. One of his favorites, a "western," was to begin in a few minutes. He walked over to the set and turned it on, switching over to the appropriate channel. He was glad that a western was on tonight.

At last the final commercial of the "family" show was over and the first notes of "Wagon Wheel" began. To his dismay he recognized it as a repeat. Cliff Davis, the good guy, was to run away after a train robbery and the entire hour was to be devoted to his "clearing himself." The boy was disappointed; the people seemed nothing more than vague shadows rushing back and forth across the screen for no reason. During the second commercial he went to his room.

As he closed the door he was relieved by a partial silence. He sat on the edge of his bed and began unlacing the tattered, canvas sneakers. He had had them so long, they seemed to have become a part of him. He made it a point to wear them every time he went to meet his friend—Joey seemed to like them. He placed them in the corner opposite his bed.

The boy lay upon his back in the bed, staring toward the ceiling. The window, built into the far wall, was open slightly. Through this small crack flowed the sounds of night things. They reminded him of Joey. He must be awfully lonesome, the boy thought, living by himself in the woods all the time.

Finally he took a deep breath and frowned. Tonight everything seemed confused and cloudy to his mind. Tomorrow was a new day, and maybe after a good night's sleep everything would be all right. A few more moments and his breaths came fewer and quieter, as he drifted to sleep.

The rays of the sun woke him from a dream. Sitting up in bed he smiled sleepily and stretched. He did feel a little better. He slipped into an old, checkered bathrobe and went to brush his teeth.

Soon he was on his way to school. He decided that there were several cougars roaming around down in his forest that needed to be taken care of. They were very dangerous—and he had to protect his friend, Joey, didn't he? He was determined to hunt down and shoot the largest and most ferocious of them this afternoon, after school was out.

The bell for the beginning of roll call rang as he walked through the double doors. The halls were overrun by multitudes of people trying to rush to their rooms before they were late. At the far end of the main hall he noticed Freddy and Sam, the two boys who had bothered him in the forest yesterday. They were laughing and apparently relating some funny story to those who stood about them, listening intently with big grins. He decided to avoid them—they were just trouble for him. His room was located down the main hall, about three doors to the right of the two boys' little group. Suddenly Freddy saw him and pointed toward him, laughing.

"Hey, Jerry!" he called, but the boy hastily turned into another passage which breached off into the far right wing of the building. He hurried down this hall and finally ducked outside. This detour made him late for roll call and consequently cost him half of the following Saturday—but, he did escape the two boys.

He spent the entire morning improvising plans for the hunt that afternoon; he was so unaware in class that he received several rebukes. The boy did not like to be publicly corrected—it embarrassed him, besides giving the class another reason to mock him. He was already unpopular because of his silence. Lunchtime arrived.

He walked out of the room and down to the cafeteria. Going through the line, he bought two ham sandwiches and a carton of milk. He slipped quietly out a back door and hoped nobody would notice—the boy always liked to eat lunch alone. The lunchroom was much too crowded and very noisy.

Freddy and Sam saw him leave and, motioning to their friends, followed him. They found him sitting in one corner of the deserted yard.

"Hey, Jerry!" Sam called between cupped hands. "Where's your buddy, Joey?" They laughed. He stood and wrapped the remaining sandwich carefully in the wax paper—he was not hungry now.

"What do you want, Sam?" he asked.

"Nothing . . . we was just wondering why you didn't bring 'Joey' to school with you, that's all—we thought maybe he could show us how to shoot an elephant or something." They laughed.

"Look, why don't you just leave me alone!" he said.

"Hey," said a short, freckled-faced boy, "why don't you save that other sandwich fer 'Joey'?"

"That's a good idea," said another. "Why, you can have a regular party—my little sister's got a tea set you can borrow!" They laughed.

Tears blurred his eyes as he dashed past them and ran into the building. He wiped one arm across his eyes and hurried down the hall toward his next class. Walking into the empty room he sat at a desk and opened a book before him. Why did he always have to be alone? He had no friends, except Joey; hardly anyone even talked to him. His only popularity lay in his being an object of ridicule. No one to talk to, to understand, except Joey. He closed the book and laid his head on his desk; he sat there until the bell rang.

The other students filtered in. Everyone sat down, murmuring in subdued tones to each other; yet no one turned to say "hello" or anything else to him. He was alone.

The boy spent the rest of the day in apathy. He continued to think of the

mountain lion and Joey, but somehow the hunt did not seem so much fun. The last bell rang abruptly, shaking him out of his gloomy trance. He carried the armload of books along the hall toward the front door. As he started down the concrete steps someone called, "Hey, Jerry! Why doncha let 'Joey' carry them for you?"

When he reached the house he piled his books on the floor beside his bed, slipped his blue jeans and sneakers on, and ran down the hill toward the woods.

It took him a long time to find Joey. He had stood beneath the massive tree and called, again and again. Then he had turned around suddenly, but Joey was not there. Finally he searched behind all the neighboring trees without success. Returning to the tree he whirled around once more, and his face broke out in a wide smile of relief.

"You were following me all the time weren't you? You really had me scared —I thought you had run away or something.

"Listen, we're going to hunt one of those big mountain lions today. I was thinking that there was too many of them around here, so we'll have to kill off some.

"Here's how we're going to do it—first of all we'll walk about sixteen feet apart and watch for fresh tracks and fresh scent. Then when we come on his trail we'll come together and run him down . . . Okay?—Let's go!"

The boy started off to the left, padding on a thick carpet of decaying leaves. Occasionally he would stop and kneel. Bending his head close to the ground he would sniff fiercely. After forty-five minutes without success, he sat down under a tall pine and called, "Hey Joey, come here. We'll take a little rest under this tree. Okay? . . .

"Those darn guys at school really gave me a hard time today, Joey. They kept saying I should bring you to school with me . . . I wish they would just leave me alone—and, mind their own business . . . They just won't let a guy alone—just because he don't want to play any stupid football or shoot birds with a dumb old air rifle. . . . It's none of their business that I've got a special friend. . . . Why should they care? . . .

"I like you better'n any of them, Joey. You always listen to me and understand when things aren't right. You're my really best friend, Joey . . .

"It's just that—well, they—they don't have a right to come and see you, or talk to you—they don't have any right to. . . . You understand, don't you Joey? . . . You—you understand that . . . Joey . . . Joey, d-don't you?"

He jumped to his feet and ran as fast as he could out of the woods and up the hill to his house. He rushed into his room and threw off the shoes, lying on his back in the bed. All the windows and doors were closed; the room began to grow stuffy and hot. He lay there in silence for a long while. At last he sighed and got off the bed. He went over to the window and shoved it upward to open it. When he turned, he saw his sneakers lying crazily side by side; he noticed how old they were—so frayed and torn. Somehow they did not seem to belong anymore.

Slipping on a pair of loafers he walked out of the house and slowly back down the hill. Reaching the clay road he walked along its left edge until he had almost come to the path; he stopped beside a drift of mottley sand. He looked at the old shoes he held in his hand for a moment, and then knelt. He slowly buried them beneath the little hill.

He stood and walked down the path. The twilight was still there beneath the trees in all its ghostly shadows, but it was not the same. He came to the tall, old oak. The boy stood there beneath it for a long while, staring up into its heavy boughs. Then he whispered in a barely inaudible voice, "Goodbye, Joey."

As he entered the clay road from the path he saw two young boys of perhaps seven coming toward him along Joey's road.

"Didja know I hadda a magic horse?" one said to the other. "His name is Sammy and he can fly! He lives away down at the end of——." The boy began to cry softly. ●

—*g. r. langworth*

HUGHES BARBER SHOP

For That Well-Groomed Look

Located
Just off Wofford Campus on
N. CHURCH STREET

SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY

Wofford's First Launderers

136 MAGNOLIA STREET

DIAL: 582-7261

Visit
BEN'S BOOK BIN
For

A Choice Selection of Paperbacks
The Modern Library Series
Slide Rules and Repair Parts
English, Spanish, French, and Russian Dictionaries
College Outline Series
Schaum's Outline Series

Composition Books
Wofford Stationery
Fraternity Mugs
Centennial Plates
Souvenir Terriers
School Supplies

—— HOURS ——
Monday through Friday
8:30 A. M. - 3:30 P. M.
Saturday: 8:00 A. M. - 1:00 P. M.

Books

Why Not Victory?

Why Not Victory? by Senator Barry Goldwater, MacFadden Press, 1963, 128 pages, $.60.

The years following the Second World War have been especially trying ones for the United States. The climax of this global tragedy saw the emergence of America as the most powerful nation on earth. With this new position of leadership came the new burdens of international diplomacy and responsibility. A different attitude toward world relations developed. Peace and order had to be kept—and America was the logical leader in this endeavor. The United States government was forced to establish new agencies to carry out these plans. With these agencies came the blossoming of a powerful new era in American life. But are these agencies, under the direction of the democratic ideal, achieving the desired goals? Senator Barry M. Goldwater, the controversial junior senator from Arizona, expresses candidly his views on this vital segment of American diplomatic affairs in his recent book *Why Not Victory?*

According to Senator Goldwater the United States is failing to meet its obligations on the world front. The Communist state, the antithesis of the American way of life, has made substantial territorial and moral gains since 1945. Much of Eastern Europe has been captured. Korea was partitioned. Much of Southeast Asia has fallen to Communism. And the island of Cuba has been set up as a Communist base. Much of this action was taken with only token resistance from the United States government. It is this lack of the old spirit of "victory" that Senator Goldwater says is the basic flaw in the United States foreign policy. He urges the government to follow up the Communist challenge with positive action. Only direct confrontation with the enemy, he insists, will lead to a total destruction of this force. Our government can no longer afford to close its eyes to the imminent danger that Communism poses to our freedom.

Goldwater observes that this reluctance on our part to meet the present challenge damages our image in the eyes of many of the world's smaller, dependent nations. Instead of receding, the United States should exercise its influence in the world community in proportion to its actual strength. In failing to do this, he observes, we are condescending to a compromise with world opinion. We are not grasping fully the reins of leadership but are being influenced to a great extent by a partisan coalition of reluctance. The Soviets take advantage of every opportunity to exercise their power while we meekly try to win friends through bureaucratic economic aid. In this modern era, the world respects power. Do we exercise power? No! We can only offer abstractions.

In expressing this "Barrian Dialectic of Brinkmanship," Goldwater advocates tactics that differ greatly from our present policy. In these difficult days that hold the threat of a nuclear holocaust in the balance, Goldwater would plunge the United States into a violent, all-out assault against Communism. With peace as the primary aim, our government has sought to establish a condition in world affairs that would permit a "peaceful coexistence" between the Western powers and the Communist bloc. United States leaders realize the effects of a fullscale nuclear encounter—the destruction of our modern society. With this in mind, they have purposefully rejected the idea of brute force in diplomatic relations. When a display of force was needed, it was used. But a haphazard display has been avoided, not because of a lack of courage on our part, but because discretion often leads to a more rational end than does a sudden reactionary movement.

Throughout the whole book, Goldwater seems to reflect a lack of faith in our present system. It is difficult to say whether this lack of faith is a deeply rooted belief or merely a well-timed political statement. However, one thing is obvious: Goldwater offers no tangible improvement to the present system. He merely deals in political abstracts. A large number of generalizations are presented covering a wide variety of subjects. Yet no functional solution to the "problems" he presents is given. If Senator Goldwater could offer some "constructive criticism" for the improvement of present methods, one might be able to have some degree of confidence in what he says.

With the Presidential election coming up, *Why Not Victory?* presents itself as an especially valuable basis of comparison between the two parties. The prime target of Republican criticism this fall will be foreign affairs, not the domestic situation as had been previously anticipated. The Republicans feel that basic changes need to be made in this area. Senator Goldwater's book gives a clear indication of one of the prime contender's views on this vital subject.

Why Not Victory? rings with a tingle of revolutionary undertones. It is overly alarming and purely political. Senator Goldwater contributes nothing but his purely abstract philosophy on world diplomacy. The book is typical of the Goldwater outlook. Only his most ardent supporters will derive any degree of satisfaction from its content. ●

—*James E. Dorsey*

RECORDINGS

GERSHWIN: *Great Scenes From Porgy and Bess.* Price, Warfield, Bubbles; Victor Chorus and Orchestra, Henderson.

In 1939, after losing over $200,000 in movie contracts, George Gershwin saw the somewhat less-than-successful premier of his folk-opera, *Porgy and Bess.* Since then the opinions of both critic and public have changed considerably, and it is significant that RCA should release its version of this familiar, yet much misunderstood work nearly twenty-five years after its first performance.

This recording of highlights should please most people with its clarity and lively performance. However, like its predecessors, there are several unfortunate flaws. Victor has tried to present some of the most familiar melodies in their original operatic context, hopefully achieving a sense of completeness not found in any other stereo version. It almost works. It does not because the cast of principals is too small to be effective. Both Miss Price and Mr. Warfield sing several different roles. This is especially disconcerting during the "wake" when Miss Price sings Bess's dialogue and Surina's "My Man's Gone Now." The performance stays largely idiomatic, except for some occasional over-operatic singing from Price, and McHenry Boatright. The voices of both William Warfield and John Bubbles have seen better times. This is not too glaring since their showmanship, especially that of Bubbles, makes their characterization almost ageless. The verve which Skitch Henderson breathes into the score puts Gershwin's music in its proper perspective. One disk of highlights cannot possibly do Gershwin's score credit, and this is perhaps the greatest sin that was committed in recording *Porgy and Bess.* Much of the local color intended to accentuate the performance is sadly lacking here. If RCA Victor can devote five disks to one of Wagner's interminable works, why couldn't they spend two or three on one truly American masterpiece?

* * *

BARBRA STREISAND: *The Third Album.* Columbia.

Unlike the first two albums released by Miss Streisand, several different arrangers took a hand in the recording of this one. These men are tops in their field, but, although they do their best work for her, most of the arrangements tend generally to be routine. Miss Streisand's singing is much tamer when compared with her first disks. Here she is not so much the actress as the singer. The material is a group of fine but workworn standards. Her style is at times quite intimate, and this is probably what we will be hearing from now on. Of special interest is her swinging "Nevermore Will I Marry" under Peter Matz, an almost sensual "Bewitched," arranged by Peter Daniels, Leonard Bernstein's unusual orchestration of "Just in Time," and her passionate "I Had Myself a True Love," with Sid Raymin, for whom she does her best work in this set. If this album is slightly disappointing, it can still satisfy a great deal as an example of fine singing, somewhat lacking from female vocalists today.

* * *

JOAN BAEZ in Concert—Part II. Vanguard.

The second concert album will afford those fans of Joan Baez more satisfaction than did the first volume of this set. This is due to a more spontaneous feeling she creates in her performance. This is true especially on Side I, where her selections range from some folk material and a protest song to the theme from "Black Orpheus." The audiences are fairly responsive to her work, without being overly zealous. She sings some of Bob Dylan's material with an obvious enjoyment and high regard for it. The verse on the back of the recording was also contributed by Bob Dylan. Its chief virtue is its earthiness. Perhaps Miss Baez will set music to it and add it to her repertoire. The performance of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is something less than that of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

* * *

GIOVANNI MARTINELLI with Orchestra. RCA-Victor—Red Seal.

Giovanni Martinelli was one of the most celebrated tenors since Caruso. He sang at the Metropolitan until 1945. At the fiftieth anniversary of his debut in opera, RCA has put together a sampling of his art. Taken from disks done from 1915 to 1939 and splendidly reproduced on LP, these selections give a fairly accurate account of his ample ability. He was not blessed with a beautiful voice, but rather a large one whose clarion tones in its upper register thrilled audiences night after night. At the same time, because of his scrupulous care of it, he was able to sing the music of such lyric composers as Puccini without sounding heavy or overbearing. Perhaps the most significant highlight of the recording is his perceptive reading of the two arias from Otello, with their lion-like despair evident in every phrase.

* * *

DAVE BRUBECK Quartet at Carnegie Hall. Columbia.

About a year ago, Dave Brubeck brought his famous and extremely popular quartet to Carnegie Hall. The subsequent album will give a great deal of satisfaction to both Brubeck fans and those who admire good jazz generally. The quartet, featuring outstanding

virtuosos in the field of jazz in Joe Murello—drums, Paul Desmond—alto sax, Gene Wright—bass, and Dave Brubeck—piano, is at its best here. What is more, this is one of those rare moments when the unity of the group lends itself to the exciting spontaneity of the evening. This is perhaps its chief virtue, for it is a fine example of the give-and-take between musicians who have worked together for so long. Also gratifying is the fact that those selections with unusual rhythm such as "Take Five" (Five-Four), and "Blue Rondo a la Turk" (Nine-eight), are played without the slightest hint of self-conscious effort to keep up the pace. The emphasis is thus placed where it should be, upon creative interpretation. All in all, this is one of the best jazz concerts to come to Carnegie Hall in some time.

* * *

MARTIAL SOLAL At The Newport Jazz Festival, 1963. Victor.

After World War II, many of the people who had helped modernize jazz, so to speak, migrated to Europe. That continent had already produced one brilliant musician in French guitarist Diango Rhineheart. The European musicians listened to recordings of some of our stars of the '30's and '40's and learned much from the Americans who came to live there. Thus, at Newport last summer, an Algerian-born Frenchman thrilled everyone there with a dazzling display of technique which Art Tatum himself would have applauded. Yet there is more than simple technique in the playing of Martial Solal. His chord structure is reminiscent of early experimenters in jazz harmony. Even his selection of material is drawn from this era. He is an artist of a generation just past, a generation whose ideas have either been forgotten or have not yet been experienced by many listeners today. Luckily this rare moment was captured on disks.

* * *

MILES DAVIS — *Seven Steps To Heaven.* Columbia.

When a musician the caliber of Miles Davis decides to form a new group, he does it because he wants to get new vitality in his playing. At the same time working with fresh talent, he is able to impart this new vitality on to them, speeding up their maturing as musicians. Such is the case here. Bolder and fresher ideas pour forth from his horn within the concepts of jazz as he plays it. These in turn are supplanted by the work of pianists Victor Feldman and Herbie Hancock (the latter having written "Watermelon Man"), tenor saxophonist George Coleman, drummers Frank Butler and Anthony Williams, and basist Ron Carter.

The quartet numbers are made up of standard material such as that which Miles frequently uses. The rest of the album is composed of originals by members of the quintet. Seventeen-year-old Anthony Williams is destined to leave a lasting impression as a drummer; and the playing of both pianists shows the great influence of Bill Evans' artistry. ●

—*Steve Stirling*

HORTON'S CLEANERS
Cleaning Is An ART And We Know How
We Rent Formal Wear
146 North Liberty Street

GREENEWALD'S
INCORPORATED
Complete Outfitters for College Men

THE CHESTNUT SHOP
Features the "Ivy-Look" In
● London Fog Jackets and Coats
● Alligator Top Coats
● Sport Coats
● Shirts ● Slacks
THE Aug. W. Smith Co.

IVY-STYLED FASHIONS
PRICE'S
Store For Men
113-115 N. Church Street
● Bass Weejuns
● Sero Shirts
● London Fog Coats

ARTEX CLEANERS
Where The Students Get
A Big Discount
218 MAGNOLIA STREET
Spartanburg, S. C.

BLAZER WOOL
SPORT COATS
from $19.99 up
COLORS—Navy
Camel
Bottle Green
Burgundy
BELK-HUDSON MEN'S SHOP

i in search of the Holy Grail

I
feel.
I
will.
I
do.
I
am.
/damned
exist
drift
the gift

—*Douglas Atkins*

Editorial

God, Man, And Morality

Modern men who think at all agree that the world is in bad shape. They disagree, however, on ways to improve human life. Some men and some groups talk in terms of a capitalistic or socialistic political utopia, where the state will provide—and be—everything for everybody. Others say no: the "good old" American way of life is what we all need, capitalism and individual initiative. And the talk sways back and forth, waxing hot and cold.

A wise man in another culture several hundred years ago saw the folly in making man subservient to any system. The only way to effect any significant change, Confucius said, is to begin in your own heart. When your own heart is "rectified," this change will be influential on others. To reform the world, reform the nation. To reform the nation, reform the state. To reform the state, reform the city. To reform the city, reform the family. To reform the family, reform oneself.

How does one reform himself? Confucius had one way; Christianity has another. The list is almost endless. Certainly, without going into the depths of any philosophy or religion and thus creating a bigger furor than perhaps anything is worth, we can see that man realizes the value of honesty towards himself. Every man desires to be himself—not merely what he would like have appear to others or what others think of him. He would like to be himself.

But he cannot be himself. If he asserts himself in one situation, he incurs the scorn of some. If he fails to assert himself in the same situation, he incurs the scorn of others. If he does not follow the group, he is left out. If he does follow the group, there may come a time when he realizes his conformity and fear of being left out and then he feels guilty.

He feels one way, but he cannot express his feelings because of fear. Is this not the problem that has been cussed and discussed on this campus for years? Have we Wofford students not been fighting for our "right" to express ourselves, to say what we really feel? We feel a certain way at a basketball game. We feel we have the "right" to express the way we feel. If we like cursing, then we want to curse. If we feel like blaspheming, we do so. This is the way we feel. Why should we hide it?

The "thing" now is to express one's feelings. "You can't legislate morals," we hear on this campus every day. And this is the point of this essay. Systems of telling the individual what he must do will not work. This is not the end of the problem, however; all too many people seem to think it is. To effect any change, the beginning must be made within one's own self. It is becoming oneself.

It is about time someone spoke out on this matter: May God help us all if our behavior at Erskine is indicative of our true selves. Participation in such orgies is not expression of the self. On the contrary, it is the exact opposite of freedom of the self. It is slavery to one's desires. True freedom is to be oneself. Freedom is a two-way street. On one side is freedom from subservience to desire. On the other is freedom from repression of these desires. The free man has desires; every man does. He does not repress them; he recognizes them and confesses them. He does not become a slave to them.

Too many of us here at Wofford have failed to make any distinction in this matter. In our eagerness for freedom we become slaves of this quest. In our pride over our open-mindedness, we have become closed-minded. We stand *en masse* against compulsory chapel attendance, forgetting this school is church-affiliated. Before too long, these chapel programs are going to be the only break in the chain of slavery that is shackling us.

We do not give religion a chance because, we think, religion condemns everything that is any fun. Does Christianity really shackle man? We are bound already. It must be admitted that a considerable amount of the legalistic ideas about the Church has been caused by the churches themselves. There are some Christians who are human beings, however.

Thus, we are not expressing our true selves when we are slaves to desire. We are just as much tied down as we were when we were forbidden to utter a four-letter word for fear of incurring the wrath of some god. In either case man is not himself.

Perhaps the important thing is for each of us to become aware of what our freedom means and then discover in our own lives what is significant. No matter what, an open-minded attitude is essential, open to the secular pleasures and open always to the possibility that the Church may have something to offer us. It is for each to decide for in so doing he becomes a person. But decision also implies responsibility and the courage to take the responsibility of that choice. And that is saying a lot.

The problem is complex. The differences, though of great magnitude, are often subtle. And it is necessary to be aware of these subtleties. It is easy to be seduced by the promise of sexual glorification and by the promise of eternal life if only we live in a certain way.

Philosopher-Historian Will Durant recently spoke out on the current state of thinking concerning human values. He said, "Most of our literature and social philosophy after 1850 was the voice of freedom against authority, of the child against the parent, of the pupil against the teacher. Through many years I have shared in that individualistic revolt. I do not regret it; it is the function of youth to defend liberty and innovation, of the old to defend order and tradition, and of middle age to find a middle way. But now that I too am old, I wonder whether the battle was not too completely won. Let us say humbly but publicly that we resent corruption in politics, dishonesty in business, faithlessness in marriage, pornography in literature, coarseness in language, chaos in music, meaninglessness in art."

Mr. Durant is right, we feel, up to a point. Too often there is the tendency to condemn a work of art as meaningless simply because we do not understand the work or the artist's intent. This may mean the work is meaningless. But it may also mean that the artist is far ahead of us in understanding. Thus this "meaningless" may help us to increase our understanding.

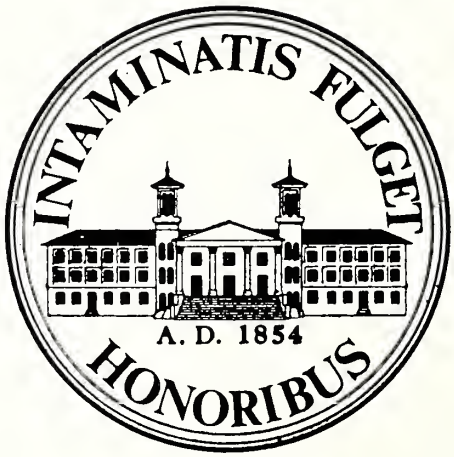
And here the dangers inherent in the current talk about morality are evident. On the one hand there is the slavery to desire expressed in the current obsession with sex and "freedom." On the other is the reactionary attitude of certain people who would have us repress our feelings, no matter what they are. Repression leads to revolt. That is, in fact, our current state.

There is no easy answer. Christianity, certainly, cannot solve the problem for us forever. If it did, it would be moralism, the very thing we all are rightly battling against. Rather, our plea here is for understanding on all sides and some clear-headed thinking, free from closed-mindedness in either direction.

A choice is going to have to be made some time. Better that it be a choice arrived at after examining every angle because the choice is life or death.

He who would be first among men shall be last.

—Douglas Atkins


INTAMINATIS FULGET
A. D. 1854
HONORIBUS

THE JOURNAL, MAY 1964

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME LXXXVII ★ No. 4 SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA MAY ★ 1964

What's Inside . . .

As promised—or threatened—in the previous issue the *Journal* is including the winning Helmus poems. A few slaps are made in the editorial on the back page. The selections are those of the judges, not of the staff.

Thus we include selections from Reeves Gasque, James William Seeley, Charles Case, and Harry Lofton. We included only two honorable mentions—here the choice was ours. One is by Harold Lawrence, no stranger to these pages. The other is a poem (?) by the editor—natch. By the way, not one of the four prize winners appeared in these pages this volume.

Sophomore (what?) Rusty McCredie has contributed two pieces this issue. One is a poem in memory of the Borstal Boy, Brendan Behan, poet and drinker. The other is a short story about a boy, a girl, and a duck.

Rising senior Joe Tolbert did the piece on General Douglas MacArthur. We highly recommend this essay. It needed saying—and is said well.

Freshman George Whitaker returns to these pages with a short story that just may interest quite a few people. These are passages that—well, that are interesting. See if you agree.

Another freshman, Charles Thompson, an avid science fiction fan, penned the short story about flying, which, incidentally, is authenticated with a liberal sprinkling of facts about his subject.

Senior Wiley Cooper wrote the poem "Complete." The new *Journal* editor, Fred Robbins, wrote "Accension." Junior Grady Locklear wrote the poem among the ads.

Our regular record reviewer, Steve Stirling, is back. This issue Steve reviews an album by Thelonious Monk and the recording of the current Broadway musical, *Hello, Dolly!,* among others. We should like to thank Steve for his efforts this year. It is obvious—and has been noted by many—that Steve is an expert on his subject.

Plaudits go also to our regular book reviewer, James Dorsey. He had the pleasant task—for him—of reviewing Mark Harris's recently published account of Richard Nixon's 1960 California gubernatorial campaign. Last issue James reviewed a book by Barry Goldwater. Is this progress?

Naturally, the fine art work is by Tom Zepp. For whatever it means, he is unanimous choice for the *Journal*'s top kudos. What is that, by the way?

Finally, there is an editorial on the final page. It is a departure from our usual talk about God, man, and mortality. This time we talk about Wofford, responsibility, bitterness, contrition (not theologically), and the Helmus Poetry Contest.

Again, next year the *Journal* will be edited by Fred Robbins, the logical choice. Fred has contributed greatly to this year's magazine. But he is not responsible for its failures.

Incidentally, James Dorsey is succeeding Marion Peavey as business manager.

And a postscript. Kudos to the forgotten but most important man, the printer. Without the help — always needed, never refused, over and beyond contract demands—of Charles P. Smith of Greer this might very well be the first issue of the year.

"Stately stands our Alma Mater . . ."

Editorial . . . 20
Recordings . . 16
Books 18

THE JOURNAL

ESTABLISHED 1889 VOLUME LXXXVII, NUMBER 4

Editor.....DOUGLAS ATKINS
Business Manager.....MARION PEAVEY
Associate Editor.....FRED ROBBINS
Art Editor.....TOM ZEPP
Editorial Assistants.....JAMES DORSEY, WILBUR ORMOND, PRESTON WOODRUFF

THE JOURNAL is published four times during the academic year—November, January, March, and May—by the students of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Subscription rate is $1.25 per year. Advertising rates upon application from the Business Manager.

Supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board.

Dr. Boylston Green is adviser.

Printed by THE CHARLES P. SMITH PRINTING COMPANY, GREER, S. C.

PURPOSE

Bare knees and exaggerated busts scurry—provocatively.
Polished nails haltingly press majik-touch keys
In carpeted offices with smooth, polished desks,
On twenty-ninth floors
Where disinterested hands shake . . . interestedly . . .
And slap backs . . . and fondle daggers.
Fingers toy with pencils on table cloths
While straining eyes peer through sticky, crawling atmosphere.
Through closely clinging streets, incoherent
Feet wander . . . rapidly . . .
purposelessly purposeful.

In dimly lit beer joints
Silent mutterers sit and stare into mug bottoms
Through watered opiate . . . quaffing courage.
Reluctant to venture out in the sunlight and
Into the street.
purposefully purposeless.

While in fashionable Quinby Estates
Down by the picturesque Chippehoo Creek
At the palace of Mrs. Beauregard-Smythe,
The cultured congregate on Tuesdays and
Fridays at 7:45 to gape in awe at INTELLECTUAL
Paintings . . . dripping with culture.
And listen to reports by study group members
On increasing strife in Eastern Afrasia.
purposefully purposeful?

But in rebellious coffee shops,
groovy beards in cool dirty sweat shirts
dig hep poetry and angry voices howl to the tune
of a misunderstood saxophone.
Unreconcilable reconcilers peer through blood-shot
Eyes . . . partially covered by flapping lips
From widely opened mouths . . . like, PROTESTING, *man.*
purposelessly purposeless

In knowledgeable college classrooms
Knowledgeable "intellectuals" see them all . . .
And knowledgeably condemn them
Purposelessly seeing no purpose . . . NEGATION
purposefully seeking, purposelessly rejecting.

Mr. Amoranthrop sees each in each . . . seeking not . . .
Rejecting not. Moment by moment . . . LIVING.

LOVING. LOVING.

LIVING

PURPOSE

—Reeves Gasque
(First Place Co-Winner,
Helmus Poetry Contest)

THE GREAT AMERICAN

More than a year ago, alone in his hotel residence in New York City, a man 83 years old sat down at his desk and began to write. To the general public he was already a figure out of the history books, seen mistily in the trick mirrors of prejudices and old, petty rancor. His country, to which he had dedicated a full life of splendid service, scarcely knew he was still alive. Once he had spoken of how "old soldiers never die—they just fade away . . ."

For ten years he had been silent, watching his country sundered from its very soul by a constant sneering and scoffing at patriotism and virtue, then beginning to seek again for what it had lost. In a wrenching irony wrought by little minds that would have made a lesser man bitter, he had been called upon just once to serve during those ten years: to settle a spiteful, squawking

little squabble between two rival sponsors of amateur athletes. This for the man who had led the greatest last stand in American history and won the only decisive American military victory over Communism in arms. This, it seemed, was all his country had left for him to do.

But General Douglas MacArthur was too great a patriot to believe that. Even in the twilight of his life he could see that one way remained for him to serve. He could tell what he had done for America, and why, hoping thereby to show young Americans, in his own words, "that a country and a government such as ours is worth fighting for, and dying for."

Here was a man who grew up breathing the very air of the greatest American epic of all: the conquering of the West. His boyhood was spent on the army post that dotted the high plains in the time of the cowboy, the cattle drives, the iron horses, and the marauding Indians still so familiar to almost every American. All his life, Douglas MacArthur's sole ambition was to serve his country in arms, to protect her from all enemies.

After showing brilliant military leadership in the First World War, General Douglas MacArthur became the youngest Chief of Staff in our history, between the two World Wars. Having thus reached the highest military post that his country had to offer him, with many of the best years of his life still ahead of him, after his term as chief of staff was completed, he left the United States to take charge of the new army in the Philippine Islands. Here, in the Far East, the rising power of the Japanese empire was looming ominously, though all too many Americans ignored it. In the Philippines, almost on Japan's doorstep, the threat of aggression was ever-present. General MacArthur built to meet it, using only the tools he had and the slight aid a niggardly War Department would give him. Long before the blow finally fell, he knew that he could neither repel it nor long turn it aside. While his countrymen lay on their backs hugging the delusive phantom of hope for "peace in our time," General MacArthur laid his for the last stand that he knew that he would have to make.

The Japanese assault came, in overwhelming strength and numbers. Our fleet, battered and beaten, fell back from bomb-blasted Pearl Harbor to ports on our own west coast. Everywhere in East Asia and the Pacific, Japanese arms were surging forward victoriously — every place but one, a place called Bataan.

Six weeks after Pearl Harbor, Bataan was a smoke-blackened bit of land—one tiny peninsula, with the island of Corregidor—set in a ring of fire. The whole might of the Japanese empire bore down upon it. The American people, starved for hope, looked across five thousand enemy-ruled miles to that bit of land—and saw that the flag was still there.

An entire Japanese army was flung back, crushed and broken, from the last defense line on Bataan. Japan had conquered the whole of the British and Dutch empires in Asia—covering thousands of miles and many vast islands and nations—in less than two months. Bataan peninsula held out for five months; the island of Corregidor for six. Japanese armies used in other conquests had to be brought to the Philippines to reenforce the original invasion force, before the American guns were still. When at last the sun and flag went down over Corregidor, its food and water were gone, but not its spirit. The next morning the sun rose over the Coral Sea and the first great American victory in the Pacific.

The last stand which General Douglas MacArthur had planned and led had bridged all those terrible months between our greatest defeat and the first of our victories. When, on the President's direct orders, he left Bataan just before its fall to take up a greater command elsewhere, he told the people of the Philippines, "I shall return." And return he did, in command of one of the mightiest and most victorious military forces that the world has ever seen.

After the triumph over Japan, it was General Douglas MaeArthur who planned and carried out the enormously difficult task of transforming that land of beserk fury and ritual suicide into a free and prosperous country with a newfound respect for human dignity. Unto this day, the common people of Japan call him simply *The* General — the General of peace.

In the year 1950 the full power of a mighty Communist army, trained and equipped by the generals of Stalin, struck South Korea in the most cruel and open aggression since Hitler. Due to uncertainty and appeasement in our foreign policy, we had furnished it with little or no protection. The Communist advance, spearheaded by huge tanks, rolled southward. Again, as before Pearl Harbor, unwise cutbacks in defense spending had left us with only a thin military shell instead of a hard core of fighting capacity. The few garrisons we still had in Japan were hardly ready for war.

Yet once the Communists had attacked, America knew that they must be stopped; once again, America called on the First Soldier of the Republic to halt them. (They called it a "United Nations Police Action" and other nations sent Red Cross units and a few platoons. Ninety per cent of the non-Korean blood and death was America's.) It seemed that there would be no time to act before all South Korea was overrun. On the Natong River the order came to "stand or die." Americans held. The Communists were hurled back.

Almost at the beginning of the Korean War, General MacArthur was planning not only how to stop the Communist enemy, but how to defeat him. His plan was an amphibious landing at Inchon, a Korean city, in enemy hands, which has some of the highest tides in the world. Nearly all of General MacArthur's advisers said the plan was impossible. He was sure it could be done—if he had Marines to lead the assault. For years little men had been bandying about the charge that there was bad blood between General MacArthur and the Marine Corps, but in this, the most important battle in his life, he had faith that the Marines could win it for him. They did. The Inchon

landing was a total success.

Yet so near is the night to the noontide that within fewer months than it had taken him to win this victory, the First Soldier of the Republic was to taste the ingratitude of his country. A new enemy, Red China, entered the war. It was hoped that we would not lose; but the best we were allowed to hope for—and to fight for—was a stalemate. Never before in our history of contending for freedom had we set ourselves so small and so poor a goal.

"In war," General MacArthur believed and later said, "there is no substitute for victory." The man who had held out at Bataan against the masters of half a world, and beaten a triumphant Communist army to its knees at Inchon, could not and would not ask Americans to die for a stalemate. So he was dismissed from his post, one of the most shameful acts in all our history.

Upon his return to our shores, he was greeted with an outpouring of admiration and affection from the American people such as they rarely bestow or have bestowed on anyone.

There will be last stands in the years to come, as there have been in the years gone by; there will be splendid recoveries, and mighty returns, and the teaching of peace, and the transformation of defeat into victory. But to make sure that the recoveries and the victories and the peace are ours, not our enemies', we must continue to breed the men who will shape them. There is no substitute for victory. But there must be substitutes, and equals, for General Douglas MacArthur now that he is gone from among us.

By taking heed of what made him what he was, by honoring with him the meaning and greatness of America, we make it more likely that he will have his successors and that they will be worthy of him. This is the last service that he can offer us and we can offer him. If we are proud Americans and hope to continue to be Americans, the least we can do is take full advantage of his last offering—the example of his life. ●

—Joseph Lincoln Tolbert, Jr.

CLYDE

The first time I ever saw C. C. Bennett he was stalking down the beach carrying a T.W.A. flight bag, an unopened case of Schlitz, and that damn duck.

It wasn't a real duck—it was one of those overpainted plastic decoys that wouldn't fool a near-sighted marsh hen, let alone a duck—and it looked sort of incongruous sandwiched between C. C.'s sweaty forearm and the case of Schlitz. In fact, C. C. himself looked sort of incongruous. He was short and chunky and a little bowlegged, and he was wearing an incredibly dirty rain hat, a jersey with the sleeves lopped off, and a pair of whitened Bermudas that had once been madras. He was accompanied by about seven feet of redheaded elastic, similarly dressed and carrying an ancient Gibson guitar by means of an ornate strap that looked like the work of some anonymous Navaho artisan.

So there I was, lying on my back with a Falstaff balanced on my stomach and regarding this pair who, standing next to each other, resembled the figure ten and who had just appeared at the edge of my beach towel and were asking the loan of a church key. I made the big effort and got to my feet and crawled to the ice chest and rummaged therein until I found the key and handed it to Plastic Man, who took the case from C. C. and began to open it.

"You gonna drink that stuff hot?" I asked.

"Why not? Thirsty men'll do anything. We just got here. Took us three damn days to come a hundred 'n fifty miles. Got drunk as a goat last night in Four Holes, South Carolina. Ever been in Four Holes?"

I said I hadn't.

"If you had, you prob'ly wouldn't have known it. I'm C. C. Bennett. Columbia. This," he said, gesturing to the thin one, "is Watusi—Wally Thomas. He's shy." I shook hands with him and with Watusi, who left off variations on "Salty Dog" long enough to say that he, too, was from Columbia. "Left Columbia Wednesday afternoon," C. C. continued. "Got as far as Sumter. Looked up a fraternity brother of mine in Sumter an' we tied one on. He was comin' with us, but we didn't have much room in my little ol' Triumph, so he said he'd ride on th' luggage rack. He fell off twice before we'd gone a block hardly, an' he decided to stay home. So it's just me an' Watusi. Right. Watusi?"

"Right," said Watusi from behind a hot Schlitz. "Anyway," C. C. continued, "we decided to ride over t' Lake Marion t' see if this girl I know was down there. Looked all over hell tryin' t' find her family's house an' got stinkin' in the process. So we ended up at this fillin' station in Four Holes. That's where we spent th' night—in the car behind th' fillin' station. That's also where I borrowed this case a beer. It's also where I found Clyde."

"Clyde?" I asked.

"Clyde," said C. C., taking the plastic duck in one hand and squeezing it affectionately. "He was sittin' on top of the Coke machine in this fillin' station an' I figured I could give him a better home, so I brought him with me an' where I go, Clyde goes."

"Where you staying?" I asked him.

"Me 'n Watusi are stayin' at Hedi Farrell's. You gonna be there tonight?"

Now Hedi Farrell's family lives at the beach the year round, and they have

a tidy little twenty-room bungalow tucked away in a little cove between the beach and the tidal lake, and I'd known Hedi for a long time. I told C. C. so.

"Funny you should mention," said C. C. "I met her at the Cup this year. This girl I was with introduced us. Next thing I knew, I'd forgot all about my date, and I was talkin' to Hedi. Well, this other damn girl got all leaked off an' left, an' there I was with this girl who was so obviously overwhelmed by my staggering suavity that she asked me to come down some time and bring a friend if I wanted to. So I brought Watusi."

Watusi, in his seventeenth chorus of "Jimmy Brown, the Newsboy," grinned.

"It must not be supposed, however, that because I am an itinerant hedonist I am also a leech," C. C. announced as if to allay some misgiving I might have. "I am a considerate house guest—I have never had fleas or any communicable diseases—and I even brought my own beer." He popped a can of His Own beer with My Own church key. "We gotta run get deloused and get all genteeled up before tonight. Nice talkin' t'ya. See ya t'night. C'mon, Watusi." Watusi shouldered his guitar, flapped his hand genially, and mumbled something. C. C. picked up the flight bag and the beer and finally the duck—sort of reverently—and then both of them disappeared into the heat of the day whence they had come.

If I hadn't dated Hedi off and on for about four years and once thought I was in love with her, the whole thing wouldn't have impressed me one way or the other; but all the way over to Hedi's party I kept thinking what an unlikely couple Hedi and C. C. would be. Hedi is sort of tall and slender, and she has straight, silky blonde hair that falls below her shoulders and long, delicate fingers and arms and legs that are deep golden-brown in the summer. She's sort of aloof and moody and doesn't say much unless you know her real well—I don't mean she doesn't have a good time, but she'd rather listen than talk and see than do. C. C., from what I'd seen of him was flamboyant, extroverted, hell-raising, and apparently unconcerned about everything and everybody except C. C. Bennett. I didn't dislike him for that—I guess I'm pretty much that way myself, only not so outspoken about it—but if there was anything between Hedi and C. C., and there must have been if she'd asked him down there and all—either Hedi must have changed or she saw in C. C. something she hadn't seen in me. I wasn't feeling sorry for myself, I mean, I was just sort of interested.

Hedi's backyard was floodlit green velvet with a keg of beer in the middle, and on top of the keg sat C. C. with a beer in one hand and that damn duck under the other arm discoursing on American literature. He was accompanied by Watusi, who was playing little Josh White-type runs, stretched out in a lawn chair with his eyes closed. Next to C. C., looking like she was hanging on every word, was Hedi.

"O'Neill's entirely different from Thomas Wolfe," C. C. was asserting. He was tight. "Different kinna writer entirely. 'Tirely different. O'Neill was Greek. Had Greek mind. Logical. 'Jective. Wolfe's American. Don' give a damn 'bout bein' 'jective. Wrote 'bout what Tom Wolfe felt, how drunk Tom Wolfe got, how leaked off Tom Wolfe was at th' world. 'S why I like ol' Tom Wolfe. 'Merican. Right, Clyde?" He peered intently at the duck and everybody laughed except Watusi, who was busy being Josh White or Lightnin' Hopkins or somebody.

That was Friday night of my last weekend at the beach. Saturday morning I saw Hedi and C. C. walking down the beach with Watusi, as usual, tagging along about a dozen paces behind, guitar in one hand, beer in the other. I waved and they waved back. I wondered why he was always there without a date. I mean, he wouldn't have had any trouble getting one, if he'd wanted to. But it didn't seem to bother him, and Hedi and C. C. always seemed glad to have him. I drove over to Myrtle Beach that afternoon and stayed with a friend of mine at this houseparty he was having. Sunday morning I drove back to Pawley's to pick up the rest of my clothes and head home. I noticed that C. C.'s car wasn't in Hedi's driveway and that for that matter neither was Hedi's, but I didn't think anything else about it.

I was out at the club one afternoon in the middle of the week when I learned that Hedi had shafted C. C. and gone off with Watusi.

I heard it from Larry Hall who had been down there the same time I was, and when I picked my lower jaw up off the floor, he said:

"It was that Saturday you went up to Myrtle. C. C. got plowed that afternoon and went to sleep out on the beach. When he woke up, Watusi and Hedi had gone off in Hedi's car. They were still gone about ten that night, and C. C. packed up his things. But you know, it's a funny thing."

"What?" I asked.

"Well, we had a bonfire going out on the beach and about ten-thirty, old C. C. came out there with his flight bag in one hand and that plastic duck of his in the other. He must have been just about to leave. Anyhow, he went down the beach and sat facing the water. I went over to him, and you know what he was doing?"

"I give up," I said. Considering all the crazy things that had happened, I thought maybe C. C. was committing hari-kari.

"He was staring out at the water and sort of waving at it, and sure enough I could see that plastic duck floating out with the tide. And then old C. C. looked at me—he'd been crying, for crissake—and he said, "He's going where he belongs and so am I."

I thought of something I had read once. "Nam C. C. Bennett quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere—"

"What in hell?" asked Larry.

"Nothing," I said. ●

—Rusty McCredie

ARE YOU SLEEPING?

It may be said that someday Anne
Could take the ribbon in her hand

And watch the line of crimson fade
Into each fleeting flaxen braid;

And let the sharp reflection fall
From every mirror on the wall.

And in the twilight it would seem,
The window, where she used to dream

And press her slender dreaming face
In fervent pose (as if to trace

The warming course in which would pass
Her steaming breath upon the glass),

Might keep its calm eternal glow
In secret shade or stinging snow

Or sprinting needles of the rain
That fleck their silver on the pane.

But I forget that now the pace
Of our explicit human race,

Pondering from time to time
The flying eagle on a dime

Or hearing silent stalking feet
Of watchmen on their weary beat,

Never shall to man relate
The price of vision tagged to fate.

For every dream within the heart
Sometime, in anger, must depart

And leave asleep the taunting myth
That all of man is gifted with—

A knowledge that tomorrow nears
To tell to those in future years

To listen and to listen well.
There is a heaven and a hell

And one dark window's fading beam,
The flying eagle of a dream.

But still, when souls are lost in sleep,
The frost upon the casement keeps

The silver flecks that chip the pane
From bringing in the warming rain

And filling lovers with the heat
That stains the window where they sleep.

Then all the breath within me ran
Before the question, "Where is Anne?"

The sun reflects its blazing ball
Into the mirrors on the wall

And finds a pallid flaxen head
Asleep within her chamber bed,

And over where the light must pass,
A mist upon the window glass;

And where the blush of dawn must spill,
A scarlet ribbon on the sill.

—Harold A. Lawrence, Jr.
(Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest)

On Reading

The glory of the ages past remains
For those who search with true and earnest hearts.
To find it takes but four ingredients,
A tranquil nook, a chair, a lamp, a book.
A thrill it is to watch events of old,
Take place before the mind's own searching eye!
There's Noah's Ark, and Jonah's whale reborn,
Or Shakespeare's madcap prince at Boar's Head Inn.
While nerves are tingling with the Reb's suspense
Of swiftly charging to the point of Death.
My heart beats quick, a thousand lives I live
Before the moon gives way to morning light.

—James William Seeley
(First Place Co-Winner,
Helmus Poetry Contest)

Complete

Man is incomplete
When self is guide;
His life is meaningless;
His soul is dead.

Yet into the darkness he plods,
On an unknown path;
The road leads only to despair,
But he gropes on.

Then, mysteriously appearing,
A light points the way
Onto a seldom-trodden highway;
A straight and narrow track.

Man's soul now lives and thrives;
His spirit is uncowed;
God is guide;
Man is complete.

—Wiley B. Cooper

First Poem

Sometimes I get feelings of pure power;
Knowledge, a grasp of a subject, almost
Superhuman feelings of raw and free
And bare power.
Everything suddenly fits well: pieces
Fall into place and clear unity stands
In bold relief. An indescribable
Feeling: a wide expansive feeling of
Uniqueness and of knowledge and of
strength.
Then all is gone. The closed, leaden world
shuts
Again: understanding is dead. Only
The dim and vague memory of enlightenment
Is left to me.

—Charles Case
(Third Place,
Helmus Poetry Contest)

Spring Rain

The steady sound of water
No lightning, no thunder.
The morning comes
Wrapped in mist.
The evening quickly fades
Beneath congested clouds.
The flowers . . . the leaves . . .?
A whole winter
Waiting
But only this rain and mist.

Standing in the rising mist
I see a brown leaf
Blown across the flower beds.

—Harry Lofton
(Fourth Place,
Helmus Poetry Contest)

The Problem

The problem
Is an old nigger walking
Alongside a new, twenty-five million dollar interstate highway,
Fast cars being driven madly over the streaked and already
cracked cement.
He wears a black coat,
A big sack hung across his shoulder,
Heavy with the old dirty clothes of white men.
He walks and watches, wondering,
The cars racing to get to somewhere—
Or to get away.
Slowly—
How long will it take him to get to where he is going?

—Douglas Atkins
(Honorable Mention,
Helmus Poetry Contest)

AND YOU SHALL SEE

September, the wind, the rain, dark grey twilight, myself. The buds of night were opening as I gazed through the panes. Drops of rain ran down to the sill, cutting cracks as they fell. Then the wind hurled fresh drops which cut new cracks as they sank to the puddle on the sill where a bubble of ill-applied paint had been chipped. A rippling image stared back at me. My own, or another on the outside of the glass, I could not tell.

The window was slowly becoming more and more a mirror, and I turned away. I studied my surroundings. Four close walls flaked with icy sheets of old and yellow plaster, a window, a door, a fireplace, giving warmth only to a single chair that rested close to the hearth, and a bookcase of old and cracked books that were bent and leaning under the weight of their own words. An odious mausoleum of gloom.

I walked toward the bookcase. The

bare floor creaked and yawned currents of cold air between the boards as I stepped over it. I reached for the top shelf and pulled out a book, jerking to break the hold of the other books packed tightly against it. The bindings gritted and sent a shower of dust from the shelf, but there was no sunlight for it to reflect. The book was discolored and warped. Its edges were rippled and uneven, and its pages were dark and stiff, wanting to crack. The binding seemed glued only with dust. But I wanted to read.

I took the book to the chair and gazed into the tiny, softly flickering fire. At my back was the unlatched door, an unreliable impotent watch of the dark cavernous halls behind it. As the fire-light brushed the book's pages with wavering breaths, I read. And soon, very soon, I fell asleep.

The fire was dead, but not the floor behind me. It moaned as steps came closer and closer toward my back. Icy wind—a cold, whistling breath—toyed with my hair. I feared the ignorance of what was behind me but feared even more the knowledge. I could not turn, paralyzed by my fright. A gnarled and clammy hand brushed the hairs on the back of my neck and slowly slid down to my shoulder, its thumb touching my throat. A hoarse and throaty voice, filled with mucus, whispered close to my ear, "Come, and it shall be opened unto you; come, and you shall see." The warted hand tightened about my throat.

Tepid zephyrs of mid-afternoon softly stroke my sail as I sit in the stern of my little sailboat and tack silently up the inlet away from the ocean. The low tide smell of seaweed and inlet mud fills the air. Dead seaweed and marsh grass reverberate again, and again, and again, against the bank, as if trying to push it away from the water's edge. The brackish water gently laps against the bow of my tiny ship, and salt spray kisses my lips. White seagulls scream as they dive down into the water for a fish and then soar into the blinding sun and disappear into the clouds. The water effervesces as it catches the sun within its grasp. Suddenly a sandbar looms ahead. Its sharp peninsulas of oysters jut into the water and beckon me to come within their reach. I hear the scrape of sand against the dagger-board. A moment of pleasant suspense, and then I am clear.

Fiddler crabs scurry helter-skelter as my sailboat approaches the bank on a tack. The grey mud, pimpled with the fiddlers' homes, gurgles as the little creatures hurry down into the safety of their holes. Several huge, barnacle-backed crabs roast in steaming low-tide lakes, trapped until the next high tide. I glide along slowly. This, my one simple, but transcending pleasure. How fond of and attached I am to this earth.

"You now see; everything has been revealed unto you; you understand." But I did not understand. "Then from the beginning of your life: From the womb of dependence and immemorial misconception you were born—when you began to 'sin'." I heard him grunt a one-syllable laugh at his own use of the word. "From there."

"If I ever hear you say that again I'll wash your mouth out with Oct . . ."

"Okay, son, that's enough. I can smell it on your breath. I've told you it's wrong and as punishment I'm going to . . ."

"This has been—one—hell—of a day," I mumbled.

"Huh?" The homely pimpled mountain girl behind the drug store counter repulsively drawls the syllable. Her huge nose stretches open hairy nostrils as she speaks. She is dressed her best. An unbleached, unstarched calico dress hangs loosely on her. The sleeves are ruffled and scorched yellow; the red and white checked pattern is faded and runs together to form a curdled pink at the edges of the solids. The belt is a darker color from not having been washed with the rest of the outfit. Her flat shoes are old and turned up at the toes. A piece of fresh runny gum sticks to the front of the heel and drags a piece of paper as the girl walks. The scuffed black leather clings to her feet like the tough and calloused skin on her hands and neck. A sickening, but I felt not pathetic, sight. "Prob'ly workin' this hour for her fifty cents to put in the collection plate tomorrow mornin'," I think. "And they have kids?"

"Gimme a pack of Camels."

"K-a-a-a-y."

I drop my change into her hand, accidently touching her fingertips. She smiles, showing black teeth and the snot in her nose. I turn quickly to walk out of the store.

"Good Lord!"

The shape of a goddess fronts the cosmetic counter, its back toward me. The form, to my awakening teen-age senses is pure, unadulterated sex. Platinum blonde hair falls to her shoulders. Page-boy curls lightly brush her back, and hair hugs closely to her neck as it sweeps to the front, being raised but never broken by her shoulders. The lines of her body drop from the ripple of her shoulder blades beneath her sweater and taper to her waist. The bottom of her sweater is caught as her hips smoothly broaden. Her wool skirt clings tightly and with a faint line splits and outlines her smooth buttocks. The red cloth shadows as the girl places one leg in front of the other. The scratch of nylon vibrates the air as her legs snap tight against the hem of her skirt. Her stockings show a single crease at the back of her knees and nylon again grows taut around firm, creamy calves; then, a vibrant muscular pulse as she tips to her toes to reach an item on the back of the counter. Red patent leather pumps slip from her heel. A living and vibrant statue of Venus.

I start to walk past her, gazing at her so-narrow waist out of the corner of my eyes. Suddenly she turns; we collide and fall to the floor. Her jar of powder shatters and paints a circle of beige dust on the floor.

"Watch where you're . . ."

In a new town, to a new face, with an absence of name, I often say to myself, "What have I got to lose if I flirt?"

"Look, I watched where I was going." Then softer with a smile, "I got here, didn't I?" A subtle smile settles upon

her lips.

"Want to buy some powder, cheap?" She pats my nose with the puff. I blow upward and then gently into her face. We look into each other's eyes for only a second.

"I'm sorry. I guess I'll have to buy you some more of that stuff. Though what you'd use it for . . ." As I speak, I straighten my little finger and gently brush the side of her nose, as if lifting a speck.

"To cover my bruises."

"I didn't hurt you, did I? Want to go somewhere and patch up, or is a Coke here strong enough medicine?"

"I'm hurt pretty bad."

All of us have "style," even before it is cultivated by experience. But when we are new in life, we only dream. Then suddenly we find we can actually speak our long list of "I should have said's," and through a perfectly timed intercourse of words we become no longer only ourselves in dreams.

Tender flirts suddenly change into violent passion. She viciously bites my lip and sinks her fingernails into the back of my shoulders, but I beg for more pain. I envelope her mouth with the front of my teeth. A bead of sweat from above her closed but looking upward eyes; a faint line breaks her forehead. I rush from her lips, to her neck and shoulders, press heavily the base of her breasts, palpitating with heavy sighs so beautifully out of time with mine. A successive multiplication of pleasure until . . . and then inevitable relief. But for a few moments afterward, the mind and body still bathe in a delight.

"Let you live now your other 'sins'."

I sing; I dance; I eat; I breathe; I . . .

I blinked my eyes. The book had turned to the last page, ". . . be with all the saints. Amen." And it closed. The once gnarled hand was now on my heart and had metamorphosed—a smooth and flawlessly white—a kind—hand. A clear and gentle voice whispered to me as it fainted away, "And tomorrow—tomorrow I will show you Hell." ●

—*George Whitaker*

Blood Across His Name

The chilly early morning fog gently enshrouded the countryside; lightly swirling mists curled about a few stunted trees. A quiet hush was upon the land. No sound broke the quiet; no light penetrated the mist.

The hush was broken by the sound of steps. At first indistinct and far away, they grew louder as they approached. The definite crunch of boot against gravel was measured and unhurried. A figure appeared, walking carefully through the damp fog. The man drew his jacket closer to his body in an attempt to combat the early morning cold. A dim ray of light from the moon struck the single bar on the man's shoulder reflecting a cold gleaming light. The crunching sound of the man's step changed, and his boots thudded against a paved surface.

The man continued to walk, his boots beating a steady rhythm against the pavement. A dim object loomed out of the mists; the man passed the obscured mass without coming close enough to distinguish its lines. The mist closed over the object like a curtain, and the man continued on through the cold morning.

Another object appeared; the man changed the direction of his walk slightly and headed for the object. The mists slowly parted as he walked, and the object became more distinct; it was an aircraft. The squat body and fat belly of the plane identified it as a B-24, a Liberator.

The plane stood in ugly grandeur, the two machine-guns defiled the smooth nose, the huge mass of the plane seemed precariously balanced upon the landing gear, the fat belly bulged out of proportion, and the oil-streaked, battered wings drooped dejectedly.

The man stopped at the front of the plane and gave the silent machine-guns a pat. He ducked under the guns and stepped to the side of the plane. The man smiled and winked at a gayly painted figure on the side of the plane. The figure, a picture of "Mammy Yokum" perched atop a falling bomb, holding a pistol in each of her out-stretched arms, was captioned, "Pistol Packing Bomba." Above the picture an impressive number of bombs, each signifying a bombing mission, were painted. To the side, a smaller number of Nazi iron crosses indicated the ability of those manning the "pistols" of the "Pistol Packing Bomba."

A small drop of water slowly slid down the side of the plane. The man wiped the drop from the plane and shivered slightly when his hand touched the cold skin of the plane. The bomber was cold and lifeless, ugly and dirty.

Above the bombs and iron crosses the name Lt. Tom Miles was painted in

white block letters. The man turned and walked along the side of the bomber. The cold of the metal reached out and chilled the man; but he stayed close to the plane.

The lump of the top turret broke the clean line along the bomber's back. Under the menacing guns of the turret another name was printed in white block letters, Sgt. Lee Promose. The man continued his unhurried inspection of the plane. He reached the rear turret and here too, printed in white block letters, was a name, Sgt. Bob Rivers.

The man was about to continue his inspection of the plane when the sound of a truck interrupted the silence of the early morning. He checked his watch and the luminous dial showed 1:30. The man mumbled to himself, "Should get some sleep." He touched the cold, unyielding metal of the plane again, then walked away in the same unhurried gait, his boots thudding against the pavement. The sound changed to the crunch of gravel; the fog swirled about; and the man was gone as silently as he had come.

A scurrying jeep paused only a moment as it hurried about. Several men jumped from the jeep and pulled their lumpy parachute packs after them. The area around them was filled with rushing machines and men. It was early 1943; the men of the Eighth Air Force were going on another mission over Germany, "wrecking the Reich" as one writer put it.

One of the men from the jeep stopped in front of his plane for a moment and tipped his hat to a picture captioned "Pistol Packing Bomba." "Good morning, Mrs. Yokum, how are you today?"

"All right, Sergeant Rivers," said a youth with a single stripe on his sleeve, "quit clowning; we've got to get moving."

Rivers nodded and jumped into the plane. He slapped the man in the top turret on the back, "How are you, Promose?"

"Pretty good till you nearly broke my back," came the muffled reply.

"I never even touched you," retorted Rivers as he pushed himself into the rear turret.

The B-24 began to take on life; the engines coughed then roared into life. The entire field began to vibrate to the rising choruses of war.

The men had started their day at three—first breakfast, then a briefing. The target was Bremen, a bad target, but no worse than any of a dozen other targets. The bombs were loaded early that morning; the ground crews had checked each bomber; the bombers turned in an awkward dance as they prepared to take off.

"This is Lt. Miles, checked and ready," called the pilot.

"Turret gunner, ready," said Promose.

"Right waist ready."

"Left waist ready."

"I'm set," said Rivers.

Each man took his turn. Checking the internal communication system was the last step of an exhaustive pre-flight check list. With the ritual over there was little to do, except wait. Finally, the "Pistol Packing Bomba" reached the head of the runway. The four engines roared and the plane began to move. The ground flashed past, faster and faster, until the wheels lifted from the runway. The bomber soared upward and joined other bombers waiting above. Soon the group had formed and the bombers broke from their circle and left. The loud drumming roar of the engines died away and the ground crews settled down to begin the long wait.

Above the English Channel the gunners in the planes tried their guns; the air echoed with the thundering of heavy machine guns. The coast appeared; as the flight over Europe began the men in the bombers tensed. Straining eyes searched the sky for enemy planes. Time passed; except for the other bombers in the formation and the steady drumming of the engines there was nothing.

The radio man broke the silence, "Sir, the 93rd is over Bremen; they're bombing close to our target. Want me to cut them in so we can hear how they're doing?"

"Yes, go ahead," answered Miles.

There was a brief blast of static then a confused jumble of words came through the receiver. "Keep it tight Ray, you're falling off . . . Jerry, three o'clock . . . My number three engine's hit . . . Fighters above you, Bill . . . We're hit! Two men are hurt . . . Watch the flak . . . Close up, we're beginning our run . . . Bogie, six o'clock and coming fast . . . I got one! I got one! Did you see . . . This is Red grass to Glowshot three, your primary target has been hit, change to . . . Flak . . . I don't think we can stay up . . . Turn left! Flak coming up . . . We hit the target . . . The fighter with the red spinner! Look out . . . Down quick! The anti-aircraft has us zeroed . . . Your engine's on fire . . . Got to feather engine two . . . Flak . . . Fighter coming at . . ." The confused sounds continued. The target was going to be hard. Flak and fighters, the worst a bomber could hope to meet.

The Group Commander spoke once before the bombers reached the target. "It's going to be rough. Stay tight, watch the fighters, and get out of there as fast as you can."

A huge cloud of smoke rose from the target hit by the 93rd. The formation tightened as the bombers began the bombing run. The men in the turrets sweated and looked about, searching for the expected fighters. The bombers held a straight course, they were in a close formation; if the anti-aircraft opened up now the bombers would be sitting ducks. The bomb-bay doors rumbled open and the deadly missiles fell toward their destination. The bombers ended their run; the expected anti-aircraft barrage still did not come. The bomb-bay doors closed and the formation dispersed a little.

Suddenly little black dots began to creep toward the bombers! The air was torn by explosion after explosion. The group took evasive measures, twisting and turning to avoid the deadly black clouds. The "Bomba" pulled out of a turn and flak appeared on all sides. The bomber shook violently and the wail of torn metal crashed upon their ears.

Promose shrieked, "I'm hit, I'm hit,

help me." His voice broke in mid-sentence and he began to scream in pain. He screamed like a banshee, the pain and shock rising to an unbearable crescendo.

"Promose, Promose! Shut up!" shouted Lt. Miles into his mike. "We're coming."

Promose continued to scream. He heard nothing and felt nothing except the burning, searing pain.

Sergeant Rivers scrambled from the rear turret, stumbled past the waist gunners and ripped Promose's intercom from its socket. Promose still shrieked, his eyes glazed and staring.

One of the waist gunners stumbled to the top turret and pulled a morphine syringe from a kit and jabbed the needle into Promose's arm.

Promose's screaming slowly lost volume, then stopped. Rivers hurriedly grabbed a first-aid kit, then searched for the wound. Promose had a gash running up his side beginning at the hip and ending just below the arm-pit. Rivers threw some sulfa at the wound, then grabbed a handful of bandages to cover it. The blood was flowing in a solid stream. Rivers held the bandages to the wound while the waist gunner tied them in place. Even with the bandages tightly bound in place the blood continued to come through. Rivers held the bandages in place hoping to stop the bleeding.

The flight back seemed an eternity. As each minute passed another drop of blood would seep through the bandage and cover Rivers' hand. The small puddle of blood on the floor of the bomber had grown considerably by the time the airfield came into view.

The plane eased onto the runway, wearied by its long flight. An ambulance pulled up to the side of the "Bomba" before the engines were stopped. A doctor pushed Rivers aside and efficiently retied the bandage. Promose was quickly put on a stretcher and given a light dose of morphine. A medic jammed a needle into Promose's arm to begin a plasma transfusion. Before the crew members realized what was happening, the ambulance had raced off towards the base hospital.

Rivers looked down at his blood-stained hand. A single drop made its way down his finger and fell to the floor. He suddenly jumped from the plane and rushed up a ladder set against the "Bomba's" wing. He nearly pushed a member of the ground crew from the wing as he determinedly made his way over the back of the bomber to the top turret. Rivers knelt down by the top turret; then with his blood-soaked hand he covered the white block letters, "Sgt. Lee Promose," with Promose's own blood. Rivers slapped at the letters which were almost invisible behind the layer of blood.

"I hate this war," he roared. "I hate everything about it. People seem to think it's nothing but a glorious game. Let's have a war so everybody can have a medal and the armies can march in their shiny uniforms. Well I hate it! It's a terrible, sickening, deadly thing." Rivers laughed hysterically, "I'm sorry, Promose," he pushed his hand into the blood, "I guess you could say that war was just messy." Rivers looked at his blood-covered hand; he sobbed to himself, "It's so messy, so terribly messy."

The crew of the "Bomba" looked up at Rivers as he knelt by the blood-covered letters.

"Rivers, come on down," said Lt. Miles gently.

Rivers didn't hear the lieutenant. He continued to rock back and forth on his knees, looking first at his blood-stained hand, then the smeared letters of Promose's name.

"Bring him down," Lt. Miles said to a mechanic standing near Rivers.

The mechanic carefully helped Rivers to his feet and led the sergeant from the turret to the ground. Rivers didn't resist, or look back at the blood-spattered turret. He appeared bewildered, unsure, almost frightened.

The mechanic let Rivers' arm go as soon as they reached the ground. Rivers sat down on the pavement and stayed there, a crumpled heap of humanity. He wasn't crying; he stared at the ground, still and quiet, filled with anguish and despair.

Lt. Miles watched Rivers for a moment then walked over and sat beside him. "Rivers, can I talk to you?"

Rivers looked up and his eyes cleared. "Sir, I'm no coward; I get scared, but I'm no coward. Sir, I can't go up again. I couldn't take it. It isn't Promose getting it; it's been building up. I can't go up there again." Rivers rested his forehead on his arms; he sighed heavily, "I just can't do it, Sir."

Lt. Miles nodded, then stood up. He walked over to the co-pilot of the "Bomba." "Call the base hospital, Bill. Tell them to send an ambulance. We've got a casualty."

"But Tom," questioned the co-pilot, "Rivers isn't a casualty. Why should we call an ambulance?"

"Rivers is just as much a casualty as Promose," said Lt. Miles. "Promose was wounded by flak. Rivers was wounded by the war. War is like a poison. We get a dose of that poison every time we go up. Rivers just got too big a dose too many times. The war got him just as surely as that flak shell got Promose." Lt. Miles paused, "Sometimes I wonder if the ones like Rivers aren't the ones that are wounded the worst. We can patch Promose up; but we can't pull the war out of people like we can the bullets. We've all been wounded; if the bullets don't wound you, the war will." Miles shouldered his heavy parachute pack and what little energy he had seemed to leave him.

"Go ahead and call the hospital, Bill." Miles shifted the weight of the parachute, "I'm going to try and get some sleep now; I never was able to sleep before a mission."

Lt. Miles carried his parachute on his shoulder for a while, then dropped it to the ground and pulled it along behind him.

Rivers looked up and watched the lieutenant trudge slowly toward the debriefing room and the parachute shack. The lieutenant walked the same as usual even though he was weary, boots pounding against the pavement in his measured unhurried walk. ●

—Charles Thompson

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Deoch Slaint An Righ

How many loved thee for thy raucous ways,
Behan, spawn of some drunken Celtic muse?
How many others knew thy gift belies
The premise that one's art is no excuse?
They mourn for you in palaces and pubs.
With that black porter that you did enjoy,
They mourn for you in hovels and in clubs.
Cotter and landlord loved thee, Borstal Boy.
Let no man say thy folly dimmed thine art;
No doltish Sassenach the critic play.
No Saxon brain can fathom thy glad heart,
No alien tongue can chant thy minstrel's lay.
Yeats, Russell, Wilde were learned, but were pale
Beside most genuine Brendan of the Gael.

—Rusty McCredie

Accession

Casting leaves, throwing sticks in childhood—
Remember now how fully I wanted to insert a
stick in my friend so his arms would stand
out straight and his legs would be just so—
How boldly the acorns flew on the kind of day
when often the trees threw more than we did,
and never was anything dull . . .
And how tremendous were the oaks when one
was prostrate at the base and looking up;
how important that was then.
then, then, then, then . . .
And now it is now.
Suddenly
And a void presents itself between then and what
is now and now is heavier—
Heavier
Now is heavier still
when weighed with yesterday.

—Fred Robbins

RECORDINGS

WAR REQUIEM, *Britten;* Vishnevskaya, Pears, Fischer-Dieskau; London Symphony Orchestra and the Bach Choir under Britten. London.

Benjamin Britten, at the peak of his powers, has composed possibly the most potent anti-war music of this century. The *War Requiem,* first performed at London's Coventry Cathedral in May of 1962, was premiered in this country last September. In conjunction with this debut, London Records has released its complete version with an all-star cast.

The work itself is divided into six sections—the Requiem Aeternam, the Dies Irae, the Offertorium, the Sanctus, the Agnus Dei, and the Libera Mei. The Requiem Aeternam sets the somber tone for the entire performance. The sections themselves correspond to those of the Mass for the Dead used for the Latin text. Interlaced with the solemn Latin of the Mass is some of Wilfred Owen's cogent anti-war poetry. Sometimes the Latin and the poetry are performed separately, and often they are played against one another. It is these passages where both are employed which tend toward a certain awesome majesty. Britten treats the textual material with music descriptive of the emotions it displays. The Dies Irae is perhaps the most bombastically descriptive with its allusions to the echoing bugles spoken of in the poetry. The most beautiful singing and for that matter some of the most moving music occurs in the Offertorium section in the passage of poetry beginning, "So Abraham rose . . ." The work ends thoughtfully with Owen's lines beginning, "I am the enemy you killed, my friend," and some of the stark thematic material used in the beginning, this time sung in hushed tones.

The excellence of London's acoustical stereo captures the sudden bursts of music and drama. The all-star cast of which I spoke earlier, consists of Russian soprano, Galina Vishnevskaya, tenor Peter Pears, and baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Pears has seldom sounded finer on records. Although he is at an age when his voice would normally be past its prime, his lyric tenor is completely at his command. Fischer-Dieskau proves again that he is one of the top artists of our time. Like Pears, he is able to pour forth the wide range of dynamics called for in the score. The diction of these two is quite good when one considers that Britten's music is not noted for its smoothness of line. Miss Vishnevskaya's voice sounds edgey and shrill here, but she nevertheless shows a certain amount of understanding stemming from her years of discipline and training. Under Britten's leadership the orchestra and chorus perform superbly. He is able to call forth the various shadings needed to illustrate the emotion in the text.

In short, the album succeeds in not only reproducing this work faithfully but also brings to the American public an exciting new masterpiece.

* * *

LADY IN THE DARK, *Stevens, Reardon, Green.* Columbia.

As part of Columbia Records' unearthing of great musicals from the past, Kurt Weill's *Lady in the Dark* has been released. This 1941 success deals with the mentally confused state of Lisa Elliot. The comedy treats this problem with both seriousness and wit, and though this recording tries to bring out each facet the comic places are generally more effective.

As there had not been an original cast recording previously available, this splendid disc will give the record buyer a chance to hear some of Kurt Weill's best efforts at this period in his career. With the exception of "My Ship," no music is heard except during Lisa's dream sequences. The music of the three dream sequences presented here flows almost like an operetta with melodies of sometimes no more than eight bars used to propel the action of the dream or express the thoughts of the characters on stage. Goddard Lieberson, Columbia's A and R director, has taken great pains to surround Rise Stevens with the best supporting cast budgeting could afford. Top honors must go to character actor Adolph Green. His work throughout the album is most convincing. Especially noteworthy is his rapid fire rendition of "Tschaikowsky," a list of 49 Russian composers. John Reardon just stands there and sings "This Is New" and his other songs. The bit parts, especially that of Lisa's maid in the Glamor Dream, are sung with zest.

Miss Stevens never sounds heavy or uncomfortable in the title role. Though her work in the dialogues is somewhat vague, she affects a style reminiscent of Gertrude Lawrence in her three songs, "I Have Only One Life to Live," "The Ballard of Pure Delight," and "My Ship." She is not able to get "The Saga of Jenny" off the ground, and yet her work throughout is adequate. The most effective dream sequence is the Circus Dream, in which Ira Gershwin's fine lyrics are at their wittiest and Weill provides appropriate tongue-in-cheek circus music.

To top off this persuasive performance, Columbia has added believable two-channel stereo and an excellent set

of liner notes. This is the formula which hopefully will be used in subsequent cast albums of old and new musicals. *Lady in the Dark* may well prove to be the finest remake of 1964.

* * *

HELLO, DOLLY! RCA.

When the cast album of a Broadway musical is recorded, the sole objective is to capture all the excitement of the show. Fast upon the heels of its smashing success on Broadway, the cast album is becoming the fastest selling disc of its kind. This play, based upon Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," concerns a wiley woman-about-town who succeeds in getting everyone, including herself, married off by the end of the play.

The setting is the late 1890's, and naturally enough the score is styled after that period. If heard almost anywhere else this music might seem hopelessly out of date. But the superb orchestrations capture every cliché to create the perfect setting for Jerry Herman's equally atmospheric melodies and often witty lyrics. One of the reasons for its success on record is the fine work of the chorus which sings with gusto throughout the album. Carol Channing is, of course, the star of the album as in the show. Dolly's brassy, mischievous personality shines through in everything she sings. Perhaps the best single performance in this show is "Dancing," in which Dolly hilariously tries to teach some of her clientele to waltz. Aside from the numerous catchy tunes, two satisfying moments are the touching "Ribbons Down My Back," sung by Eileen Brennen, and "It Only Takes a Moment," sung by the entire company, but I am afraid these will be overlooked by most listeners.

The stereo is somewhat above routine, but lacks the imagination of the performance. Better separation of voices during the ensemble numbers is desirable. The album contains a thorough synopsis of the action, putting the songs in proper perspective to the plot.

* * *

THIS IS ETHEL ENNIS; Orchestra conducted by Sid Bass. RCA.

According to the blurb on the album cover, this singer is one of Benny Goodman's favorites. If she is a jazz singer, she has not been presented as such here. She possesses warm vibrant vocal qualities, somewhat reminiscent of Sarah Vaughn and Dina Washington. In spite of the assurances of the annotator that she understands and interprets lyrics well, she, like most popular singers today, has no concern for this phase of singing. This is rather unfortunate for she has picked some fine material much of which is from recent Broadway shows.

She has had the misfortune to work with Sid Bass, an arranger who spends most of his effort trying to give singers the dullest backings possible. It must please him to know that he has succeeded in ruining Miss Ennis' debut with his stock of banal clichés and imagination like the snakes in Ireland.

Miss Ennis is at her best in "She Loves Me." She and Bass play havoc with "Nobody Told Me," turning it into a fandango or something.

I hope that this is not all Ethel Ennis can produce, for she is pleasant to listen to. But so are a hundred others, and if experience on the nightclub circuit, and better arranging does not benefit her work, she had better go back to her shorthand.

* * *

CRISS-CROSS, *Thelonious Monk.* Columbia.

In its cover story a few weeks ago *Time* magazine stated flatly that Thelonious Monk was playing better than ever. In his second album for Columbia he may provide proof positive of this. However, I contend that the quality of his playing depends upon the group with which he works. His writing and playing has really never varied for years and he has always been able to express himself quite well. Yet it is to the credit of the rest of his group, Charlie Rouse, tenor sax; Frankie Dunlap, drums; and John Ore, bass, that substantial contributions are made to what he is saying. Rouse has worked with Monk many times. He plays with his usual taste, this time using Monk's idioms for the base of his work. He alternates teasing little licks with an occasional strident tone, and rapid runs around the scale. This tends to complement the jerky comping style of Monk.

Drummer Frankie Dunlap deserves special praise for his fine work behind the group. He trades licks with the piano, fills in empty spaces between chords while Rouse is playing, and seems to enjoy working with Monk's concepts. In fact, he has a better knowledge of how to work with this pianist than most other drummers.

Monk's concepts of playing and writing are one in the same. He attacks the piano in a violent extremely percussive manner. Even the most ordinary harmonic structure becomes fresh and completely changed under his finger tips. He likes to repeat a single note or a chord, sometimes in rapid succession. Simply by the addition of a dissonant note, a consonant chord becomes his own creation.

He is considered one of the finest piano soloists. In "Don't Blame Me," he lays down the chord changes with mathematical exactness. He steps in and out of tempo as he pleases, but when he does play in tempo his time never varies. He writes in one of two ways, either in short jerky phrases played on the off beat, as in *Criss-Cross,* or according to the regular, popular form as in "Rhythm-a-ning." Perhaps the most incredible piece of writing in the collection is "Crepuscule with Nellie," which is a combination of both styles of writing. Critics of his style of playing forget that when orchestrated his seemingly wild incoherent solos and dissonant harmonic structure have produced some of the finest and most exciting jazz today.

This album contains a rather uninformative set of liner notes. And the listener who hears it for the first time may be jarred into believing that he is hearing untrained children. However, Monk is at the last a good technician as proved by his long runs up and down the scale. And this album is one of the most clarifying examples of the work of this unique artist. ●

—*Steve Stirling*

Books

MARK THE GLOVE BOY

Mark The Glove Boy, or *The Last Days of Richard Nixon,* Mark Harris. Macmillan Co., 1964. 147 pages, $3.95.

When Richard Nixon was defeated for the Presidency in 1960 by John Kennedy, many reasons were offered for his defeat. Some speculated that the timing of President Eisenhower's entrance into the campaign was ill-conceived. Others charged the defeat to the national television debates. Still others felt that it was Mr. Nixon's handling of the minorities (especially the Negro population) that cost him the election. Any of these could be correct. One thing, however, does stand out: Mr. Nixon's campaign strategy in the ill-fated California gubernatorial election produced the same results—a heartbreaking defeat. Mark Harris treats Nixon's return to his home state and his effort to rise to public office again in his recent book, *Mark The Glove Boy.* In this account, Harris, a former glove salesman and presently a faculty member at San Francisco State College, makes an analytical evaluation of Mr. Nixon's motives and character as reflected in the 1962 campaign.

The editor of *Life* contacted Mark Harris and requested him to contribute to a series they were doing on the State of California. He was told to cover the gubernatorial campaign and present an analysis of the event as a reflection of the spirit then existing in the state. At first Harris felt he was not qualified for the task, fearing that his own prejudices might pervade the article and render the account meaningless. After careful consideration he became convinced that he could place himself outside the bounds of prejudice and bias and present an accurate account of the events. He covered a considerable amount of the campaign and submitted his article to *Life* with the idea that he had perhaps given an account that was "too fair." With this in mind he began *Mark The Glove Boy* as an attempt to clear up any doubts which may have been cast by the article. He combines the events of the campaign with some primary happenings in his own life and attempts to give his reasons for Mr. Nixon's overwhelming defeat. He clearly leaves the reader with the impression that California is a better place in which to live with Pat Brown as Governor and not Richard Nixon.

Mr. Harris seems honest and sincere in his desire to give accurately the events of the election. As a professor of American values, he feels that he is able to sense the feelings and emotions that are present in a large state's election of its highest official. As the title would indicate, Mr. Harris allows some of his own personal experiences to enter into the story. On several occasions he seems to be attempting to lower Mr. Nixon to his own level of political thought and compare the two on his level and not Nixon's. In doing this he reveals a certain lack of development in his own political thought and shows a localization of ideas set apart from the concept of practical politics. This localized spirit of interpretation allows him to deviate from his pre-supposed idea of objective neutrality and become in the end an ardent supporter of Governor Brown. He becomes infatuated by Brown's obvious lack of organization within his own mind and the decentralization of his political forces. He is attracted by the hand shaking, back slapping, baby kissing methods that Brown employs.

Throughout the entire book Mr. Harris fails to detect the fine line that separates character from political action and opinion. Mr. Harris never became intimately associated with either candidate. He merely followed the campaigns with the scores of other press representatives who covered the lengthy encounter. He was even aloof from these newspapermen, failing to become fully aware of popular as well as private opinion with which to judge his own assessments. He bases his judgment of Mr. Nixon on the candidate's failure to discuss a minor issue of semantics. Mr. Nixon's use of "indoctrination, individualism, and indecision" do not satisfy Harris and thus he tries to corner Nixon at a press reception. Mr. Nixon cleverly avoids a direct clash and clarifies his position in a general manner. Harris wrongly feels that Mr. Nixon's abrupt answer (actually a clever political move) reflects a certain defect in the former Vice President's character. In developing this viewpoint Harris fails to differentiate between a reflection of character and an astute political handling of a "loaded" question. The separation between the two may often be slight, but the alert, analytical mind will be able to see it instantly.

Mr. Harris seems to be constantly worried about his style of writing, both in his book and the article for *Life.* Instead of devoting his full energies to a complete analysis of the events he allows himself to become concerned about the "hows" and not the "whats" of his observations. At one point he asks himself the question: "Can I carry a whole article in the future indefinite tense?" He raises this question within his notes at the peak of the campaign, a time when his full efforts should have been devoted to developing a clear insight into the events of the election.

The book is evidently a sincere effort by Mr. Harris to present clearly the events of the 1962 campaign. It does, however, lack the maturity of coverage that is present in, say, *The Making of the President.* Unlike the latter, it does possess a certain degree of "freshness" that adds humanness to the account. As light entertainment, it is acceptable; as a masterpiece of political insight, no. ●

—*James E. Dorsey*

Nothing left but bleak winter—UNTIL
The "burnt" forest
The running stag
Spring arrives—
New color is seen—

—Grady Locklear

HUGHES BARBER SHOP

For That Well-Groomed Look

Located
Just off Wofford Campus on
N. CHURCH STREET

IVY-STYLED FASHIONS

PRICE'S

Store For Men

113-115 N. Church Street

- Bass Weejuns
- Sero Shirts
- London Fog Coats

GREENEWALD'S

INCORPORATED

Complete Outfitters for College Men

SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY

Wofford's First Launderers

136 MAGNOLIA STREET

Dial: 582-7261

THE

CHESTNUT SHOP

Features the **"Ivy-Look"** In

- London Fog Jackets and Coats
- Alligator Top Coats
- Sport Coats
- Shirts
- Slacks

THE

Aug. W. Smith Co.

ARTEX CLEANERS

Where **The Students** Get
A Big Discount

218 MAGNOLIA STREET

Spartanburg, S. C.

Visit

BEN'S BOOK BIN

For

A Choice Selection of Paperbacks
The Modern Library Series
Slide Rules and Repair Parts
English, Spanish, French, and Russian Dictionaries
College Outline Series
Schaum's Outline Series

Composition Books
Wofford Stationery
Fraternity Mugs
Centennial Plates
Souvenir Terriers
School Supplies

HOURS

Monday through Friday
8:30 A. M. - 3:30 P. M.
Saturday: 8:00 A. M. - 1:00 P. M.

BLAZER WOOL

SPORT COATS

from **$19.99** up

COLORS—Navy
Camel
Bottle Green
Burgundy

BELK-HUDSON MEN'S SHOP

HORTON'S CLEANERS

Cleaning Is An
ART
And We Know How

We Rent Formal Wear

146 North Liberty Street

Editorial

The New Covering: Finis

One is always tempted when bowing out to make a long sentimental speech expressing his gratitude for help rendered, for the opportunity to serve, and saying how profoundly sad he is that his term is over. I will do none of these.

In the first place the help received has come from only a handful of writers and assistants and a belabored artist. Wofford students simply do not care about a literary magazine. I have often wondered if the faculty and administration do. This magazine needs help and encouragement. In all honesty I must say that I think the magazine has come a long way this year. It has only moved a few inches, however, along a road that stretches for miles.

Serving the magazine was probably taken first for the honor the editorship brings. The responsibility has been much greater than the honor. For this I am grateful.

Countless times the quality of the magazine has been berated—but almost inevitably by post-deadline armchair critics. Talk is cheap and obligation and responsibility rare.

This campus has long been beset by an ever-increasing "I don't give a damn" attitude. It is true; all of us here know it. I am guilty, too. I do not fulfill my obligations in grateful acknowledgment for my presence here, my life, and what little ability I have. What good is an Albert Einstein, a Karl Barth, a Stan Musial away in his room criticising that which he will not enter? We cannot all be life critics.

Our fear of speaking out, of making our feelings known is too great. We are afraid we may lose some popularity. We are afraid our voicing our opinion—presupposing there are still people who have opinions—might have the wrong effect on some future campus election. Perhaps that is the reason I waited until now to say this.

I wonder if it is still possible to be honest and responsible and will to serve for reasons other than selfish? It has to be.

The man bowing out also expresses his sadness. Actually, I think I am as grateful as I am sad. "Hoping against hope" ought to be hung above the editor's desk, in his car, on his office door.

Are we really amorphous bodies moving in several directions almost simultaneously?

What bitterness I have is occasioned by fear, by fear that more is possible, that more should have been done, and now ought to be done. Bitterness is necessary sometimes.

The Wofford College student body is slumbering. Will we continue to slumber? Or will we awaken to our responsibilities?

Finally, I am grateful for the gift of seeing through this position during the past year, of being able to be bitter, and of balancing this bitterness with hope.

And there is reason for hope. This year's Freshman Class has made four issues of this publication possible. Is this always true? In any case encouragement is necessary. Here the faculty can enter. We all have responsibilities. Wofford College is what we make it. Regardless of the current mania of diminishing school loyalty, of running down the college, the fact remains that the college is what the students are. Regardless of nihilistic thinking, we owe Wofford something.

And the *Journal* is what we make it. It, like the college, can be no better than we are.

May we face the fact that the college is not at fault but we are.

In the preceding pages are the four prize winners and two honorable mentions from the Helmus Poetry Contest. The entries were unusually bad this year; there were a few poems entered. When so many are bad, the judges must choose the least worst. Whether or not they did is open to question.

The fact that so many of the entries were bad is indicative of the current state of writing on this campus. But then again there are not too many people interested in entering the contest. And there are not too many faculty members who take the contest seriously.

This contest is important to some of us. We ought to submit our entries, all of us. But we ought to make them the best poems we can possibly write.

If the contest is to survive—and the *Journal* staff prays that it will—the faculty must support it and must be willing to act as judges when called to do so.

We should here like to commend Professor K. D. Coates for his untiring devotion to the Helmus Contest.

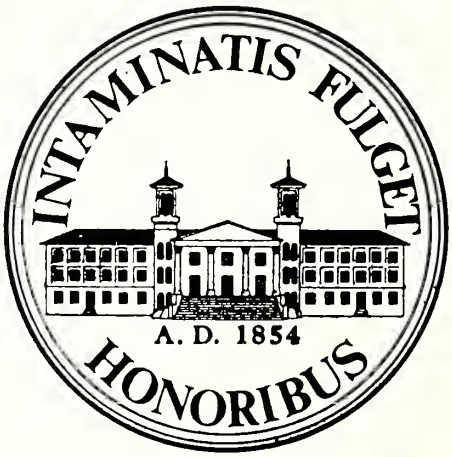
Perhaps next year . . .

And congratulations to the winners.

Despite all there has been pleasure and enjoyment. It has been worth the effort—and more. Would I edit the magazine if I had the time to go over? Yes, unqualifiedly.

And finally, I welcome Fred Robbins to this chair. I wish him a bright, eager, and creative bunch of freshmen.

—Douglas Atkins


INTAMINATIS FULGET
A. D. 1854
HONORIBUS

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

For Reference
~~Periodical Room~~ Treasure Room
Not to be taken from this room

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C.